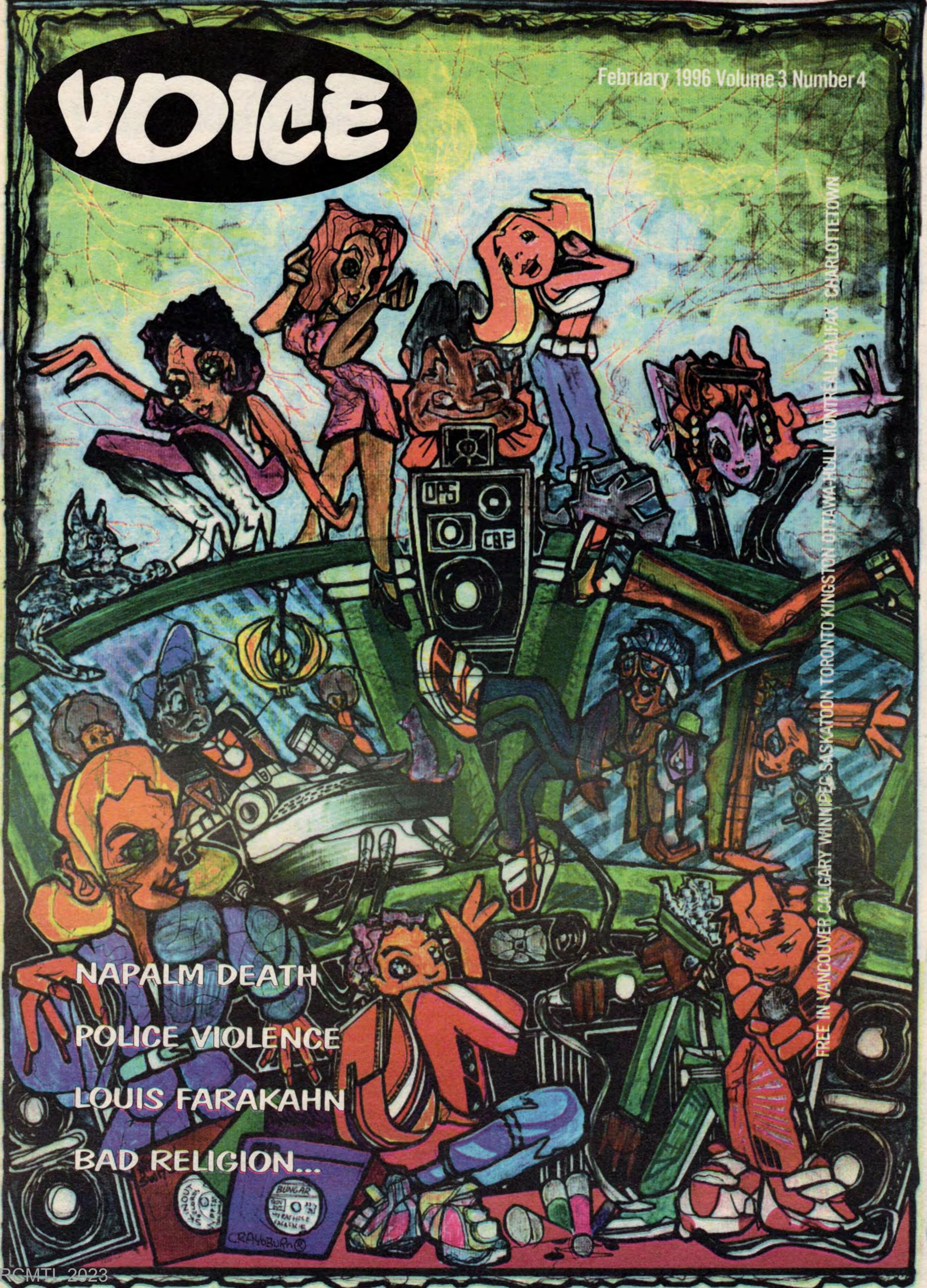


VOICE

February 1996 Volume 3 Number 4



NAPALM DEATH

POLICE VIOLENCE

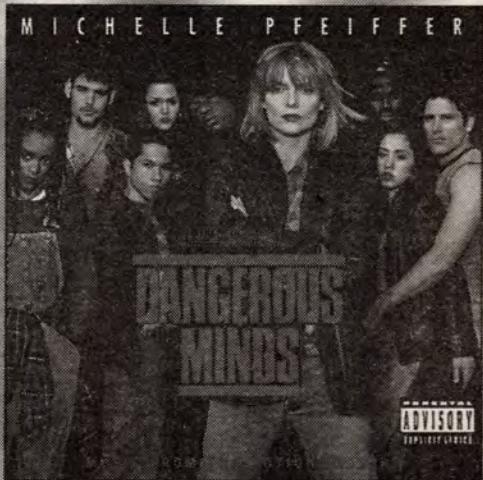
LOUIS FARAKAHN

BAD RELIGION...

FREE IN VANCOUVER CALGARY WINNIPEG SASKATOON TORONTO KINGSTON OTTAWA-HULL MONTREAL HALIFAX CHARLOTTETOWN

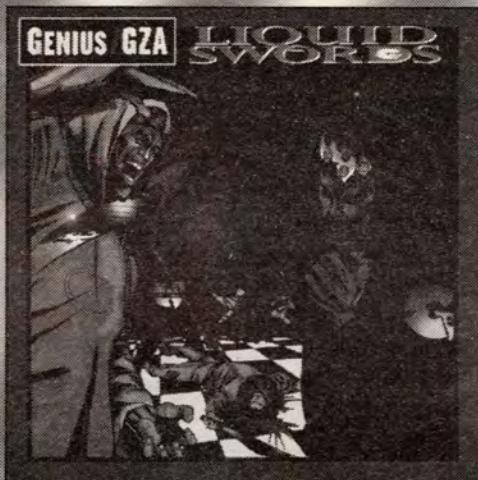
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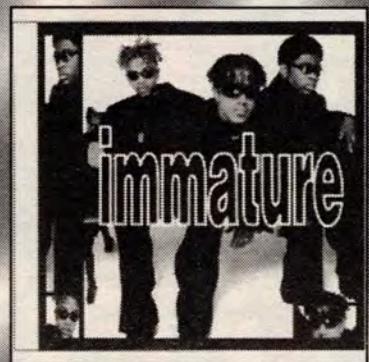
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Featuring "Freek'N'You", "Get On Up"
and "Good Love"



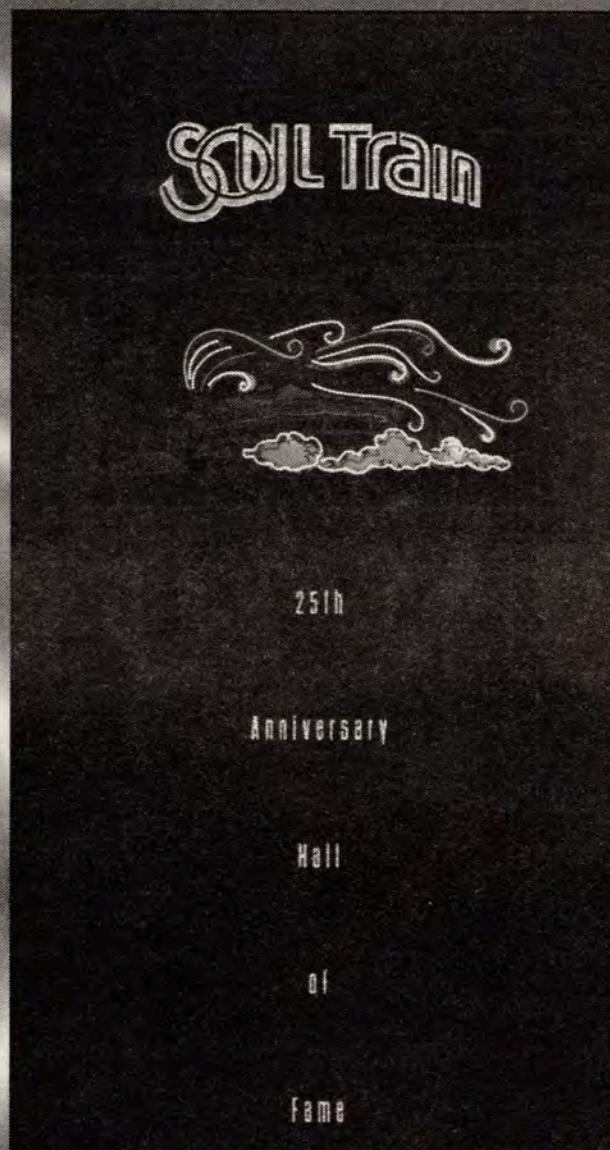
SHAI - Blackface

Includes "Come With Me" and
"I Don't Wanna Be Alone"



IMMATURE

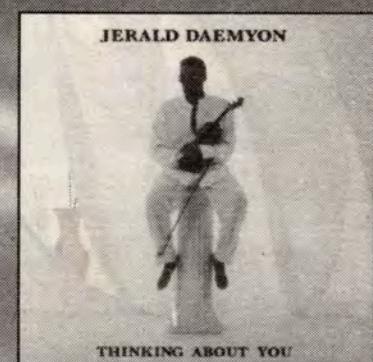
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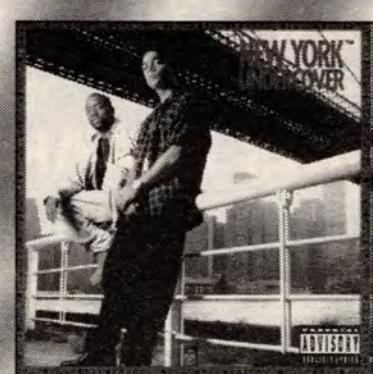
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All new music from Guy, Monifah,
Mary J. Blige and more.

VOICE

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photos: Ron Casseus



Xena is taking "psycho" as Ron put it, at McGill She also loves motorbikes.



John Woo's son Bernard wants to be like Marky Mark but he's a fat tub of shit.

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Black History Month



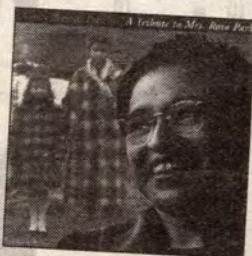
Pass It On



Al Green

The legacy continues as this one-of-a-kind artist and soul legend drops his first non-secular album in 18 years. Al Green's "Your Heart's In Good Hands" illustrates his distinctive vocal style that has not only assured him a permanent place in contemporary history, but inspired a whole generation of young singers.

Featuring "Love Is A Beautiful Thing".



A Tribute To Rosa Parks

A tribute album in honour of civil rights heroine Rosa Parks and the 40th anniversary of the Montgomery, Ala. bus boycott. Featuring John P. Kee, Vanessa Bell Armstrong, Yolanda Adams, The Sounds Of Blackness and more. First track is "Something Inside So Strong" showcasing the talents of all the artists involved. Half of the proceeds go to the Rosa Parks Foundation.

In stores Feb. 14.



Goodie Mob

Strictly on the positive tip, this Atlanta group's name is an acronym for 'The Good Die Mostly Over Bullshit'. Featuring the production talents of Organized Noize (TLC, Outkasts), their funky boomin beats and conscious lyrics create a soulfood platter that guarantees food for thought.

In stores Feb. 14.

BMG

IVI

RCI

Editorial

There was a time in my life when I was consumed by an overwhelming sense of nothingness. The world seemed oh so weary, stale and flat. The feeling of despair and alienation within was coupled with menacing and melancholic comrades. They surrounded me and continuously showed signs of nervous instability, rapid and often extreme changes of mood. For years we floated, rudderless. Dark dreams, pontificating and proclaiming, we drunkenly deconstructed the world into millions of crummy pieces.

Through pain and realization things changed. *Voice Magazine* was invented, it was time to act. And thus, in a nutshell, vengeance upon the past was executed.

Truth and authenticity result from one's ability to create, to reason, and to formulate unique laws, morals and thoughts. This is Friedrich Nietzsche's notion of the "free spirit." The search for authenticity was and still is *Voice Magazine*'s primary objective. In our spirited endeavours we've been accused of insanity, "it's not possible", "they're doomed for failure," it was said. But that which is seen as madness to others is reality for us. It's no "pretense" of madness, it's instinct, self-preservation, and it's the real shit. In simple Nietzschean terms, there are the masters and students of truth, and then there are the slaves, those who engage in self-falsification and are enslaved to wack prefabricated thought.

Voice Magazine is an exercise in "will to power," Nietzsche's concept that follows naturally from "free spirit." This idea dictates that every entity possesses a basic will from which it empowers itself to fulfill its goals, execute its beliefs, and surpass the obstacles looming in the midst of progress and growth.

The days of darkness have passed and the future is bright, we have only our consciences to seek salvation from. To quote Black Flag: "We are tired of your abuse, try to stop us it's no use, rise above, we're gonna rise above!" -Suroosh Y. Alvi

Veal from Above!

-by Rod Freshveal

the m ile high club

Some people in the world are very naughty.

I never knew for certain, but I always suspected that Europeans were far naughtier than North Americans, a fact confirmed at twelve years of age when I discovered a porno mag in a public washroom while visiting relatives in England.

"Gloria's Lust for Dogs" or whatever it translated into from the native German, has remained in my mind as a supreme example of European smut. But no longer!

I recently found an ad in the business section of the Herald Tribune, which is kind of like a European version of USA Today. It advertised "Absolute Top Quality, Very Fresh, and Happy to be of Service", a phone number and the name "Veal from Above." I didn't know what it was exactly, but the phone number was in German (!), so I thought I'd give it a try (besides the Voice was paying for it). At best I figured I'd just found a source for a supremely high quality butcher, selling prized cuts of meat to a selective European clientele.

"Guten Abend, Veal from Aboffy."

"Oh, hi. I'm phoning from Canada, and I was wondering...."

"I'm sorry sir, we do not service Canada."

the 27-year old founder of the company. He first had the idea while working as a graphic designer for one of those strange Euro-porn magazines ("most distasteful" he says) which, in the



"What?"

"We do not fly to any stops in North America... at the moment."

"Hold on a second, I'm a bit confused what exactly is 'Veal from Above' anyway?"

I was put on the line with Oliver

true spirit of the EEC, has "Yes, I like it in the ass" translated into five languages for those readers who couldn't quite understand what was going on in the photo. Then one day a chance meeting with an extremely wealthy Hong

Kong electronics mogul, and bingo! 'Veal from Above' was born.

"In Europe," says Oliver "there is a vast amount of business traffic, flying all over the place, and usually they are only day trips. You wake up and get on a plane in Stuttgart, have lunch in Brussels and are home by two. So there is a huge industry built around occupying business executives during their flight time, and limiting their waiting time in the airports."

And this is where Oliver's idea came in. After reading about the booming business of airport prostitution in Munich, he thought, why not combine both the business of air travel and the oldest profession in the world? And so he did.

The concept of 'Veal from Above' lies in the idea that once you are flying above thirty thousand feet, there are no specific laws that apply. So Oliver reasoned, if sodomy happened to be illegal in say, Bruges, all you would have to do is jump on board your plane, shoot up to thirty thousand feet, and slide up to the bumper as they say in Belgium.

"It has really taken off" says Oliver (Puns apparently do not translate too well...)

"We now have tourist packages. You fly around Europe sampling the different cuisine. And this winter we will be having some Thai meals on the menu, as we have a new plane, a Boeing 747. It was owned by a Kuwaiti prince" he exclaims, "It even has a disco, with a silver ball!" That's great. Push push in the bush indeed.

"First class ticket to Paris please."

"Certainly sit, will that be sucking or fucking?"

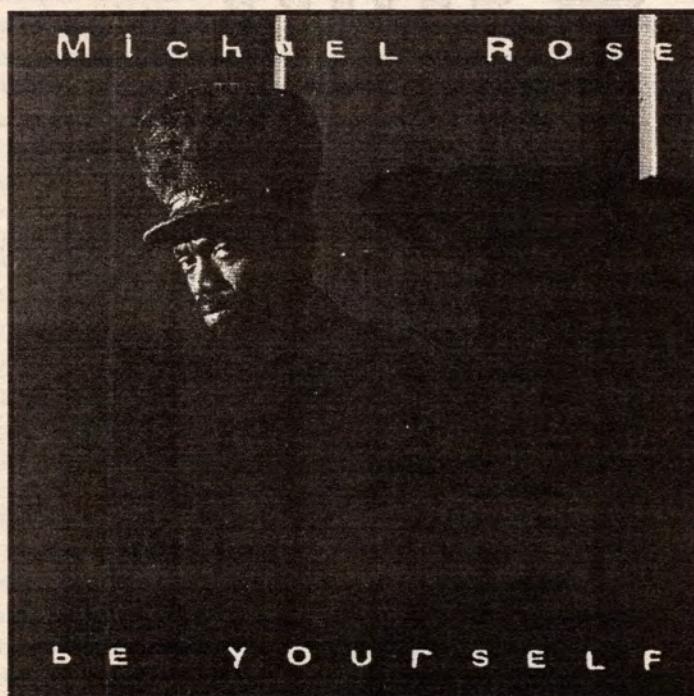
"Actually, do you have anything by a window?"

In celebration of Black History Month.
Tune in to "Black Talk" Sat Feb. 17th on CKUT 90.3 fm,
8am to midnight featuring...
Blacks in the Criminal Justice System • Pan Africanism
with Professor Ismail Rashid of McGill University •
Discussion on Black Male & Female Sexuality • Dancehall &
reggae - musical critique • Similarities & differences in the
francophone & anglophone black community.

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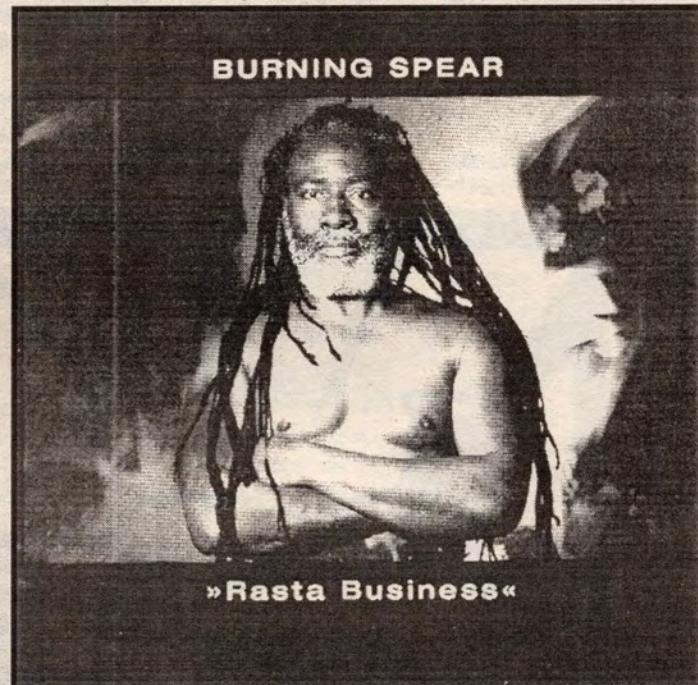


MICHAEL ROSE

Be Yourself

New release from
former Black Uhuru
frontman Michael Rose

Montreal performance February 22nd at
Club Soda



BURNING SPEAR

Rasta Business

Grammy Award nominee
for Best Reggae Album

AVAILABLE AT MUSIC WORLD COMPLEXE DESJARDINS STE.CATHERINE ST. WEST MONTREAL

DENON

heart  beat



Dope, Guns, & Fucking in the Streets

-by Shane Smith

Thrills thrills thrills, kill kill kill, Chaos is nice, control is bad, thrills thrills thrills, kill kill kill. -*Sacred Cows*

Money rules everything. Money is power. Money is freedom, Money is happiness. Money is god.

Nothing new here, people have been writing about money ever since we invented it. Yet as we move closer to the end of the century, some interesting precedents are being set for the next one. The 21st century will be a capitalist chaos, an alchemist anarchy, where turning things into gold will supplant all else. Midas the prophet; we will create in his image. Lassiez-faire gone mad, Adam Smith on PCP with a powerful thirst. Oh yes we are in for quite the party.

One of the interesting little hints of things to come has been the massive increase in international smuggling. It's not just cigarettes, drugs and booze any more, that's strictly old school, not enough

money in it. No the new school is smuggling people (and their organs), weapons, art treasures, rare animals, and technology.

These have much higher profit margins and much less risk.

Eastern Europe is the centre for the new school of smuggling. Located perfectly between a destabilized Russia and a rich West, Eastern Europe is making a few dollars for itself as a thoroughfare for all manner of illegal treats. Recently a 14-year-old boy was stopped at the Austrian border coming in at Hegyeshalom (Hungary); he was carrying 25 pounds of weapons grade plutonium. The shocked Austrians hurried in the national emergency team to deal with this monolithic stash. The Hungarians just laughed "The boy was probably a mule...the real shipment coming through right after him...we never catch the real ones..." Well that's not a big surprise because when tested, two thirds of Hungary's borderguards could not tell the difference between heroin and sugar.

Arms, that's where the money is. More and more people want them and the Russians need money. Iran recently chartered a

plane that flew to the Ukraine, picked up a batch of ground to air missiles, then flew down to Bosnia and dropped them to their Muslim brethren. The plane stopped to refuel at Ferengy (Budapest International airport). Customs checked the plane, found the arms, levied a tax, then had a conference about what to do with the plane. While the authorities were deciding the fate of the 132 rocket launchers the Iranians applied for takeoff clearance, it was granted and they took off.

High quality weapons are flooding out of East Europe at a staggering rate and everyone wants a piece of the pie. The Americans and Germans want it stopped (it cuts in on their own arms industry). But they're having a hard time besting their old adversaries, those damned KGB trained Ruskies. The Russian mafia is having a difficult time of its own, competing with the Ukrainians, Serbians, Chechens, Polish and last, but not least, the good old Sicilians want to join the new school, and they want it now. Assassinations are becoming the rage in the increasingly cosmopolitan urban centres of the East. In Moscow, for example, you can't go out after dark for fear of being shot, kidnapped, sold, raped, or just generally fucked around. The mafia runs the town after dark so stay home. Petrograd, Beograd, Budapest, Bratislava, and many other cities are rapidly closing in on Moscow's status of being a 'mafia town.' Why this transformation from relatively no crime to Al Capone for President?

Money.

Most East European countries are drag racing into capitalism; zero to sixty in no time flat. Mercedes and BMW's highest profit centres are in Moscow, Petrograd and Budapest. This is capitalism stripped down; back room payoffs, corruption and greed without the humanist facade we maintain in the West. Selling young Romanian boys to

Swiss brothels to pay off your summer home on the Adriatic. It's business, and only the toughest survive here. In this new world order everything is a commodity, especially people.

Last year a truck was found in Györ, a Hungarian city near the Austrian border. The truck, containing 28 Sri Lankans, 15 of whom were dead, had been abandoned in 40 degree heat. The stench of rotting bodies had alerted the authorities. When asked why they didn't try to escape, the survivors replied that they were afraid of getting caught and sent back to Sri Lanka. Most had spent their life savings (\$15 000 American per person) to get smuggled into Germany. Many added that they were afraid the smugglers would shoot them if they tried to leave the truck since two had been shot in Romania when they tried to get some water. Those refugees who didn't die in the truck were immediately deported back to Sri Lanka.

The war in the former Yugoslavia is a training ground for a new breed of smugglers. Despite the embargo, Serbia is booming (petrol is actually cheaper than in the Czech republic). The borders have never been busier, nor the guards more prosperous. The great thing is that this is just the beginning. This phenomenon is mushrooming around the world. Millions are being made not only in Eastern Europe, but in the Middle East, Africa, and Asia. Smuggling technology in China has become one of the chief means of revenue. If they take any tips from the Russians we should see a veritable flood of weapons flowing down the Yang Tse to be marketed by Hong Kong.

Why bother with politics? The nation state is obsolete and so are its leaders. Karl Marx and Adam Smith were both right, we don't need a government, we just need free movement of goods and labour. The next century will bring new meaning to the adage 'It's a dog eat dog world.' Yes this will be carnage of the weak, an orgy of the strong. And why not? Money has long been our God. Why not go whole hog? Let's not have any half measures. Kick out the jams motherfucker and let's get this party started right. *Armegaddon has been in effect, come and get a late pass. Check.-Public Enemy.*



The Def Jam Man

A renaissance man, Russell Simmons' influence on hip hop is unsurpassed. As the co-founder and president of the Def Jam Music Group, Simmons has spent the last 11 years furthering and forcing black expression into mainstream popular culture. His Def Jam label, Phat Farm clothing line, Def Comedy Jam HBO series and work as a film producer has transformed hip hop into a multi-national corporation. Although he has stated in the past that he is only a glorified employee of the larger entertainment industry, and that he could care less about being the biggest "black" entertainment corporation, the fact remains that Russell Simmons is making black history as we speak. Voice Magazine tracked Simmons down and got his views on artist management and the future of Def Jam.

Voice: As far as RUSH (Rush Artist Management) is concerned, who are you representing?

Russell Simmons: RUSH management is damn near gone. We only represent some part of our company, in house there are companies. Thomas represents some bands, Chris Lightey represents some bands and a bunch of the people who work with us are managers, A&R managers, marketing, whatever. So there is a lot of management around us. A lot of young black managers, young managers in general, black or white lack experience in terms of marketing, promotion, retail, they don't really have the experience. They're just in the business because of some artist they represent in the same way that I was. We work very closely with all the managers. And what we do, I think, is our background in management helps us to guide the young artists and managers. Lyor Cohen runs the company, he is a manager, his whole life he was a manager, he ran RUSH management for many years 'til he became the CEO. They get the benefit of our management experience, sometimes they almost act like road managers. They develop and become more management like, and sometimes, over the course of six months of managing an artist with a hit record they become great managers like Ron G, Warren G's manager or Foxy Brown's manager.

Do you find that a lot of the artists just hook up with family or friends when they're seeking management?

A lot of them really do, and a lot of times they don't get the guys that can really cut it either.

That's what I've noticed up here, is that a lot of artists don't hook

up with lawyers or people who really know the business. They just hook up with people who are like "yo, I need the work."

There has been a dangerous lack of professionalism on the part of a



lot of the music executives and young music artists in terms of choosing people to surround themselves with. And that's where

the lack of professionalism comes from. A lot of times the artists are dragging the managers around. The artists say "this is my life, fuck that! I'm gonna be on time, I just can't wake the manager up."

So who is coming out on Def Jam in 96?

We have some new artists from the east coast coming that we are really very proud of, and some west coast artists too. The new Domino record comes out next week. We just added 51 radio ads on him and the Erick Sermon record, which is a tremendous amount of ads. Also we got the new South Central Cartel record coming out. And we signed Trigga the Gambla! He's Smoothie da Hustler's brother. Trigga the Gambla, man he's the shit! He's got a huge underground following.

Where's he from, east coast?

Yeah, he's from Brooklyn. Then we got Richie Rich from the Bay area,

we got FleshBone from Cleveland, so we'll be pretty busy. L.L. Cool J.'s Doin' It is exploding, right after Hey Lover.

What's up with the Show Tour getting cancelled, can you speak on the Method Man altercation in Jacksonville, Florida?

What do you mean what happened? That's a whole lot of news shit man. I don't know about it getting cancelled. It was a very successful tour.

What else is Method Man working on these days? Are he and Redman gonna be doing some more stuff together, an album maybe? The Def Squad and Wu-Tang coming together?

I think so, well they talked about it. It's up to the RZA and Erick Sermon and all the people involved. I would like it to happen, I think it would be great. Method Man is involved in a

whole bunch of shit. The Olympics called and asked for him and L.L. Cool J. to perform.

The Olympics....In Atlanta?

Yeah.

What other projects does Def Jam have on its agenda, you had the Show, the 10 year anniversary compilation, what else?

The Nutty Professor comes out in May.

The Nutty Professor...what's that?

It's the new Eddie Murphy movie, I'm producing it. It's similar to the original Jerry Lewis movie, the script is pretty much all original except there's a big difference... the professor is fat as opposed to just nerdy...

Eddie's all fat in it?

Yeah, Eddie's craaaazy fat. (laughs)

Reggae Revolutions

Ragga Jungle Anthems

Vol. 1

Greensleeves/Cargo

Not very many reggae producers are able to produce a convincing jungle track. Ragga jungle started in England...140 beats per minute and the drums and bass are pure reggae. There are 13 tracks of jungle re-mixes of original dancehall



tunes here. Barrington Levy and Beenie Man appear twice with a jungleish version of "Under Mi Sensi." The list of artists includes Bounty Killer, Mega Banton, Chaka Demus & Pliers, Admiral Bailey and Mad Cobra...some of reggae's dancehall superstars. This CD is one of those cases where remixes do not make sense. Although I appreciate the production efforts in the project, what was the main objective? All original reggae tracks seemed to sound great as they were not to mention their popularity among dancehall followers. On separate occasions I have been told that all reggae and all jungle sound alike, this is really evident in *Ragga Jungle Anthems*. All 13 songs sound alike, from the first track to the last. As a stand alone track ragga jungle works but as a compilation may just drive one insane... musically confused. (BE)

Kali & Dub

Rise Up!

BSM

Kali has been part of Montreal's reggae community for quite some time now. Moving from T.O. Kali played with locals Selah, Dub U 5, Dub Trio, then from 1986 with Dub Inc., which later became Kali and Dub. The band has produced two albums, *Uncensored Reggae* and *Rhythms of Resistance* and the limited cassette *Mucambo*. *Rise Up!* is their latest... 11 tracks of lover's, roots and funky stuff. Thirty traditional Montreal artists contributed their musical know how, including Pan man Sallah Wilson, poet Dee Amith and singer Juliet Smurfet Nelson. Sweet horn punches, jazzy guitar licks, percussion breaks and sweet melody lines, *Rise Up!* does not disappoint. Songs like "Tafari time", Luv N'U, Simply Love and Reggae Symphony are standouts. The mix however, is weak. Reggae consists of drums and bass. I must have listened to *Rise Up!* no less



than 10 times, on some occasions on different systems – same conclusion. No drums, no riddim (piano & guitar). This could have been a great release. (BE)

Lee "Scratch" Perry & Mad Professor

Black Ark Extravaganza

RAS/Ariwa/Denon

Lee "the Mystic Luntic Dub Warrior" Perry and the Professor come together once again to produce this freaked dub. With Perry's trademarked "babble chant," they both run the mix and play instruments with a number of guests. A few real strange riddims and at one



point Perry gives shoutouts to Ace of Base. But that's fine coming from the educated fool. All the tracks clock in at around 5 minutes so it's got that jammin' vibe to it. I guess the only way to understand where Perry is coming from is to listen to his sound, so go check it. Some you take with a grain of salt. Some you take straight to heart. You decide which. (MM)

Michael Rose

Be Yourself

Heartbeat/Denon

This is indeed "brand new ruffer Rose." Gone is 'the sound' that Niney the observer gave him in the last CD. The production here is raw-if you stretch your imagination a bit, Black Uhuru. To tease you a bit listen to up-dated versions of "I

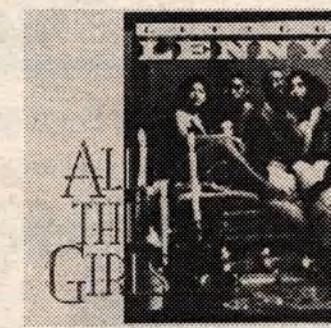
Love King Selassie" and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner." With few exceptions – Dub Syndicate and Augustus Pablo – not too many artists can produce roots music using electronic machines convincingly. Michael Rose joins their company with his latest release full of conscious lyrics. Rudeboy is back in town and is staying for dinner. (BE)

Little Lenny

All The Girls

Grapevine/RAS/Denon

"How you fi come n'tell me bout gun give me all the girls – me go'n ta have fun. How you fi come n'tell me bout war give me all the girls cause me 'n'dem a spat." The chorus for "All the girls" pretty much sums up this disc. Produced by Sly 'n' Robbie, Stevie 'n' Clevie and the Fire House crew, all riddims are fresh. Girl talk runs threw out with about four or five conscious tracks out of the 15. Not really one I'd listen to straight but would pull out a bunch to make fat mix tape. All in all most tracks come tight, get it? (MM)



Bayani C. Esquerra (BE) and MossMan (MM) form Montréal-based BAM records and are regular contributors to Voice Magazine

Losing my Bad Religion

-interview by Jon Cionner

For the first eight years of indie giant Epitaph records existence their entire roster consisted of one band: their own.

While it seems hard to believe now, the whole Bad Religion Epitaph thing was one of the most unproductive things around. After their landmark album *How Could Hell Be Any Worse*, they stalled. Its follow up would be a bizarre progressive rock album aptly titled *Into the Unknown*; a dismal failure which to this day is a deep dark secret

Then, in 1987, the Graffin/Gurewitz's team jump started the band again and turned out a brilliant album called *Suffer*. They never looked back. *No Control against the Grain, Generator, Recipe for Hate, Stranger than the Fiction*; they put out album after album of thinking man's punk that ironically paved the way for some of today's more irreverent superstars such as Green Day or Offspring.

Epitaph records eventually became too much to handle for Brett Gurewitz while in Bad Religion at the same time and he had to abandon the band. On February 27th we will see the release of the first ever Bad Religion album without the Graffin/Gurewitz combo. Mr. Brett being replaced by ex-Minor Threat, ex-everything guy Brian Baker. I spoke with original second guitarist and main Circle Jerks member Greg Hetson about Bad Religion in 1996 and their forthcoming album: The Gray Race.

Greg Hetson: So, how's that new Forum coming?

Voice: Lousy.

What d'ya mean?

It's just a building. We're loosing the greatest venue any professional sports franchise ever had. The crowds will be bigger, big deal. Funny, it's kind of like punk rock, more people, it doesn't make it any better for the people who were there all along. I guess...I'm an L.A. Kings fan. Yeah, too bad.

Well, that's where I'm from. Jay lives in Vancouver so he's a Canucks fan, Greg (Graffin) lives in Ithica, New York so he's a Rangers fan.

So what's been going on with Bad Religion since the last time you were in Montreal?

Well we've pretty much had our hands full with recording the new album which will be out at the end of February.

So what's Gray Race all about?

It basically refers to the human race's inability to see things other than in black and white.

Greg, you've spent more or less half your life in around the Cali punk scene from Redd Kross to Bad Religion to Circle Jerks, back to Bad Religion and most recently back to Circle Jerks again. Does the term punk rock tend to make you bristle?

Not really, I mean most people always seem to have a term to categorize you. It doesn't buy me or

anything. I just find it strange when people romanticize like "What was it like in the glory days?" back in 1980 in L.A. and well, what can I say, it wasn't all that great. The kids that were into punk 15 years ago had to face the same aversions as kids today. I mean you never knew when the cops would storm in and start busting people's heads.

Well, that's pretty punk.

Yeah, that's pretty punk. Something I've always found kind of interesting was Bad Religion's follow up to your great debut album, a record called *Into the Unknown*. What the hell happened? I mean here you had this groundbreaking *How Could Hell Be Any Worse* and then all of a

Circle Jerks reunion?

Well, the Circle Jerks are pretty much over, again. Got that out of the way finally.

So was it kind of a good idea that went bad?

An organized nightmare, a lot of outside things that contributed to a good time for me. I really like the record that came out of the whole thing but everything else was like, shit.

Bad Religion played the David Letterman show not too long ago.

What was that like?

Bobby: Fun

Greg: It was pretty cool.

Did you have Paul Schaeffer meddling around like "I think it would be a nutty kind of thing to put some horns in at this part?"

B & G: (laugh) No he was really cool, he hung out with us and stuff.

I know this is kind of a lame question, but what can we look forward to on the new album?

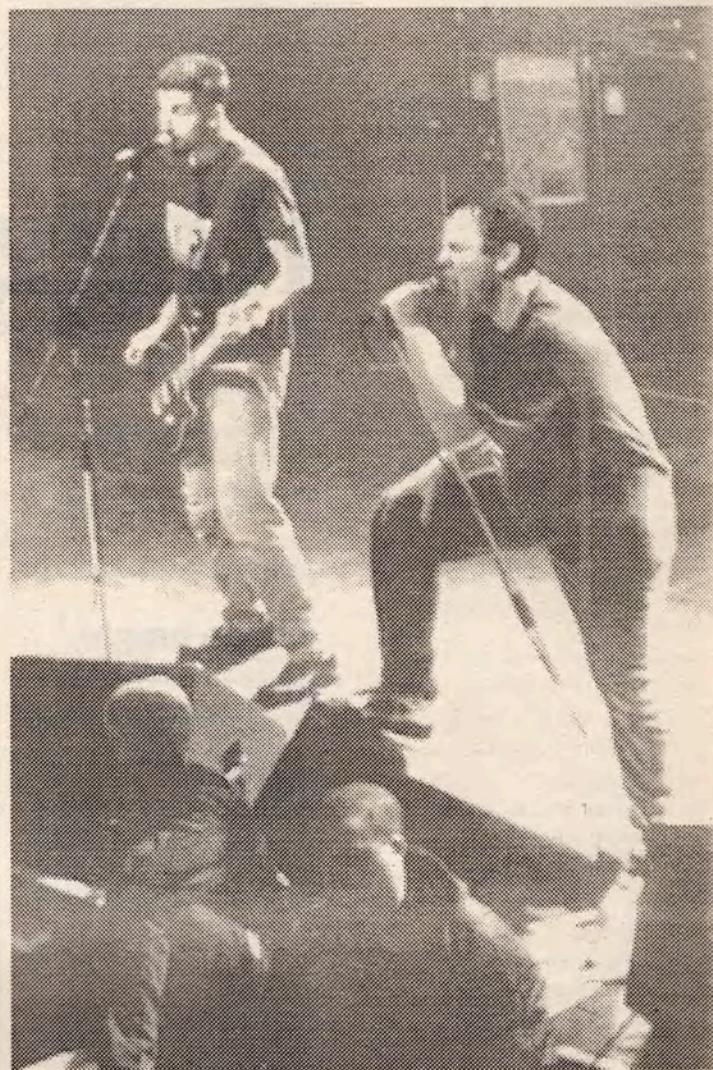


photo: Sean O'Hara

sudden you put out this record that sounds like King Crimson or something.

(laughs) Well, all I can say is that I wasn't involved in any way with that album and neither was Bobby. I guess it was just an experiment that failed. I don't think it's really a bad album on its own, but to call it a Bad Religion album is pretty ridiculous.

(Sounds obviously bored, Bobby tinkering on a piano)

So, Greg what's up with this big

G: Well, it's still Bad Religion, no major changes.

B: Three chords to four.

G: Yeah, we learned a new chord for this one.

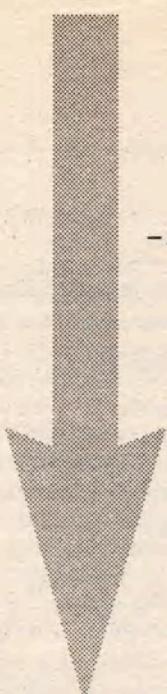
This will be the first Bad Religion album that Brett hasn't worked on. How was that?

G: It was fine. Greg (Graffin) did most of the writing, Brian did some, we all threw our little flavours in.

Alright, well thanks, keep punking.

Let the Good Times Roll

-interview by Slim & Needles



You've probably seen their name emblazoned on the chest on many lost youth of the eighth order of the dominion of the unholy. They lurk posthumously in the dark dungeons of England. With their umpteenth release *Diatribes* they seem poised on the brink of world

No, I never got into the squat thing at all actually, I thought it was a waste of time. I've played some pretty bad squat gigs in the past. Some people have no choice but to live really badly, but to be honest the majority of Krusties I used to know in England were basically from middle class families who used to crawl on to their Mums and Dads when they ran out of money. Some people can't avoid that situation but I think some people kinda do it cause they think they're fucking cool.

Voice: With your latest release *Datribes* you find yourselves back on Earache records, what happened to Columbia?

Well, we never left Earache. They licensed all their bands to Columbia for the States, but, then all bands got dropped one by one. It was a mutual sort of agreement,

Sometimes they're likely to be jerks so they deported him and once that's on your record it tends to stink. He's been deported since then as well.

Oh shit!

But he's back in the country now, just one of those loopholes they try to throw you into.

How's Brujeria (another side project) doing? Any tour plans?

No, I don't think so. That's one of those bands that no one's meant to know who's in it. But, unfortunately Dino from Fear Factory tells everybody. It was something that was formed by Dino and a few of his friends and because we were all good mates and we tend to

me.

Does it help you play better?

No, I just like to take some speed every now and then and get fucked up. Mitch is really into his pot basically he loves his acid as well. We've all dabbled in various things, but musically I'm sure it has an effect on you. We tend to be reasonably straight when we write music.

Your album From Ensavement to Hibernation was responsible for several incidents of cattle mutilation, in fact in Calgary there was a highly publicized case in which one of the convicted youths sported one of your T-shirts, what is your response to that?

Cattle mutilations I thought the aliens were responsible for that?

Well they may have been controlled by aliens.

It's kinda strange actually, I don't know how we would provoke such a thing when the tone of the band was predominantly vegetarian.

One last thing, we thought that Barney would be doing the interview but since he isn't could you pretend to be him and maybe say something to our readers?

No. I don't think so, I can't pull myself to do that. Barney would probably wouldn't either, he's a bit shy. I think that's a little cheese.

Thanks a lot and if you ever have another line up change give us a call, we've got more chops than the butcher of carnal metropolis.

I'll try to, I'll remember you.

Cheers man.

Maledicat Dominus...Demon be Gone...

Napalm Death will be playing at the Pyramid Cabaret in Winnipeg on February 6, and Montreal's Rialto Theatre on February 14.

Arish "Slim" Ahmad and Mark "Needles" Pepe are members of Montreal's sensational recording artists: The Spaceshits. Their controversial and often shocking telephone antics don't even match the on-stage tomfoolery that you can expect at each one of their frequently heart-breaking performances. Spaceshits, The-file underwear.



destruction. After receiving our message (scrawled in human blood of course) from Dr. Deathorizer we were forced to make way for Shane Embury (Demon of the Bass). After putting out such ground breaking classics as *Scum* and *Harmony Corruption* do you feel that you lack respect considering your place in the world of Molten Metal?

Shane Embury: I don't really care. The respect's kinda nice, I think we've become a credible band. At the same time for every person who admires or loves what we do, there's always someone who ridicules it as well. We still seem to be reasonably popular and that's all that really matters to me. I mean freaks and various other people don't really interest me at all.

You were once affiliated with the Krustie movement, are you familiar with that at all?

Not so much any more
Were you ever squatting?

really, we weren't interested in Columbia and they weren't interested in us.

What's your relationship with Earache, a little birdie told me that most of the bands don't actually get paid?

I think most of the bands do get paid, but, probably not on time. Most of the bands I know wait forever to get their royalties statements, just one of Earaches specialties in England. It's a bit of a piss off really.

During your Fear, Emptiness, Geometry tour Barney (Demon of the vocal abyss) was refused entry back into the U.K., what happened there?

Just basically due to work permits and stuff like that really. I guess cause he spends much time in the country and he now has a little baby girl with his girlfriend. I think its rather suspicious that he is working illegally, you know. Its pretty stupid cuz we always come clean about our tour situations.

play each others records. It'll never probably get past a record.

What has led you from being joyous happy youths to living in a world of cold forgiveness?

That's a strange kinda question. We always tend to write lyrics when we're in a depressed sort of state, I think they always tend to be that way. We're not miserable people all the time it's just that most lyrics tend to be based around depressive subjects like isolation, paranoia or anything like that.

Are you optimistic in any way?

I don't know, sometimes. Me, personally, not really at all. I'm always the pessimist really. Depends, I've always wanted to fast forward myself to the end of my days just to see if I managed to sort of get through it okay really. So you end up doing a trial and error kinda thing.

What drugs inspire you the most?
I'm into beer, the occasional dabble in speed is a good thing for

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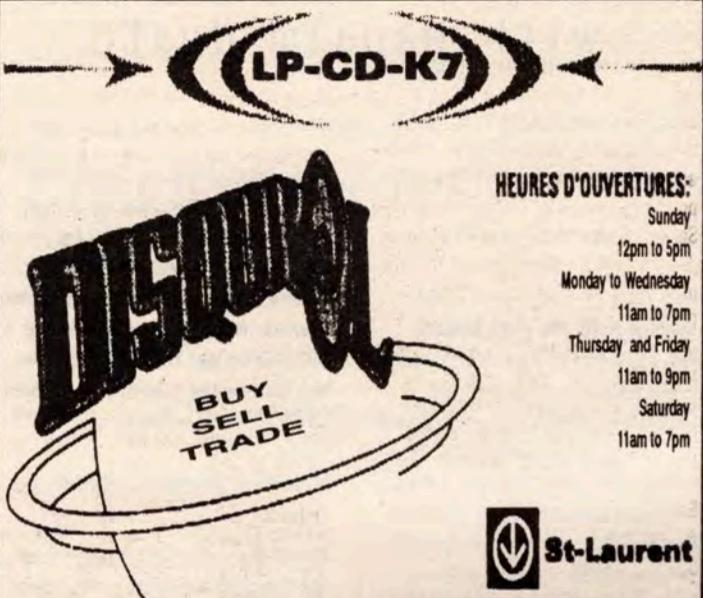
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Thur. Feb. 8 (Greenland & CKUT 90.3 present)

KALI & DUB Record Launch

At Cabaret 2111 St-Laurent.
Tickets \$10 Taxes included (Admissions)

Thur. Feb. 13 (Greenland & DKD present)

SPACE HOG + TRACY BONHAM

At Cabaret 2111 St-Laurent.
Tickets \$10 Taxes included (Admissions)

Wed. Feb. 14 (Greenland presents)

St. Valentine's Day Massacre

NAPALM DEATH + SHEER TERROR + GUESTS
At Rialto 5723 Parc Ave.

Tickets \$15 Taxes included (Admissions)

Thur. Feb. 15 (Greenland & Metropolis present)

THIRD WORLD + Guests

At Metropolis 59 St-Catherine E.
Tickets \$20 Taxes included (Admissions)

Thur. Feb. 29 (Greenland & DKD present)

SANDBOX + Guests

At Cabaret 2111 St-Laurent.
Tickets \$7 Taxes included (Admissions)

Sat. March. 2 (Greenland & DKD present)

THE BARSTOOL PROPHETS + Guests

At Cabaret 2111 St-Laurent.
Tickets \$7 Taxes included (Admissions)

GREENLAND

Six Finger Satellite, Blinker The Star

Foul, Montreal

December 16, 1995

Ottawa's Blinker The Star spent sometime in the buzz zone last year, as major labels fell over each other in the hopes of getting their John Hancock's on a contract before the battle ended with A&M as the victors. Blinker's star is Jordan Zadorozny. Live he's in the captain's chair, the bassist and drummer mere backdrop. Zadorozny is talented enough, with an ear for melodic crunch, but his sound emulates what his record collection probably consists of. He glides through Nirvana on some songs (Buzz Around for example), while other material sounds like a collection of Smashing Pumpkins' B-side. Blinker The Star still needs to find its voice, the moment they're not offering anything new.

This is where Six Finger Satellite comes in, far removed from the current context of rock. Lines are crossed with early Devo, P.I.L., and German industrialists. In a live setting, volume is the key, and SFS had plenty of it as they humped and grinded through a set culled mostly off their latest record, *Severe Exposure*. Singer – moog liberator J. Ryan, sporting a spiffy new moustache – taunted and teased the crowd as he howled like some mad minister, his six foot plus frame towering over his bandmates. SFS's trump card, however, is drummer Rick Pelletier who jack-hammered his kit at an unrelenting pace. At times the band is more concerned with what they're doing than what's happening out in the crowd. A nihilistic wall of noise, sound, and ideas separating them from the crowd. However, that may be their intention since they take an anti-rock approach to everything they do. -Fred Quimby



Photo: Sean O'Hara

Superfriendz

Boomerang Rock Bar, Montreal
Late December 1995

It's a wango tango, a sweep of the nation and a rock sensation...the Superfriendz are superstars. In the midst of 1995's most brutal snowstorm, the sugar-pop eating, Nova Scotian, power-mongers decimated the deserted Boomerang Bar with a phenomenal display of precise axe-wielding and hard, metronomic beats. With the addition of drummer extraordinaire Lonnie James, Matt Murphy and co. have become one of Canada's superiest outfits. Last year's *Mock Up, Scale Down* proved the Superfriendz to be natural songwriters; catchy, uplifting, sometimes sad and at times beautiful, the lastest line-up has allowed them to drop that fine studio shit on the stage. The 39 lucky souls who saw the show know they're a time bomb ready to blow; a red barchetta, a fuel-injected 32-valve pretension-free joyride, that put the word 'fun' back into my musical vocabulary. On judgement day, I'll say the Superfriendz were one of my favourite bands of '95. 1996 was the year the bomb blew and all the chumps gave up in defeat and laid down their guitars, thus allowing me to live out the remainder of my life in peace. -Suroosh Y. Alvi



Motorhead, Belladonna and Speedball.

Metropolis, Montreal

January 18 1996

Heavy Metal is dead. Old age has killed it. Speed Metal, Thrash, Crust, even Death Metal, fine, no problem, but good old Heavy

Metal has gone the way of its poppa, rock'n'roll. Both have left the garbage filled alleys of the city and moved into matching garden homes on Boring crescent in some geriatric suburbia. This show was just another talent night at the retirement centre. Belladonna spent the night telling us all how great it was to "...be rocking..." in between his over long tribute to Journey. I waited for Motorhead watching a drunk guy fingering his wife at the bar, it was better than the stage show. Motorhead came thundering on stage with their classic Ace of Spades; no longer the loudest band in rock but not bad, not bad



that is until Lemmy stops the show because someone threw a cup at him. "Look I didn't get into this business to be your target, I won't throw things at you and you don't throw things at me." Yawn. What ever happened to biting the heads off rabid muskrats, blood, Satan and a really good party? Gone are those glory days, even Motorhead have turned into pussies, maybe they should switch to New Country. I left the show with tears in my eyes as Lemmy said "This song is some good advice it's called Stay Clean one, two, three..." Say hello to REO Speedwagon for me when you get home boys and R.I.P. -Shane Smith

Red Aunts

With Sympathy 5"

Sympathy for the Record Industry

This bite-sized sampling from SoCal's tarty in-laws exists as part of a series of five inch releases from Long Beach California's SFTRI. One side is your typical mock-maiden mayhem, replete with stocky guitar and treble-torqued yeah-yeahs, the other is a nice 'n nasty punk-free velvet piece with all the requisite anti-pro posturings. Of course, with barely an inch of plastic to scratch, this silly little scrap of vinyl has you running to the flipside after barely 30 seconds. But if a connoisseur valued quantity (and if a Red Aunt fan gave a fuck about quality,) Sympathy wouldn't be offering such an irresistible item – a full set of which would be simply divine. -Ilana Kronick

Demolition Doll Rods

4 Spoiled Kitty 7"

In the Red

He's a cross-dresser, she's a stripper, and her sister's blind, but that don't matter none 'cause – with a little adjusting – she can whack that snare like the best of 'em. But with nary a hint of ridicule, the Doll Rods make no excuses for their mono-groove backyard blues. It's crude and caustic, if not a trifle simplistic, but the way these cats dapperly drench a delta riff in swampy garage stylings – without casting for bass anchorage – there's no need for fancy beats, and no call for saucy satire. -Ilana Kronick

Silkworm

Firewater

Matador

Silkworm's latest release is a 16 song epic that intermingles harsh, driving guitar riffs with quiet ballads filled with personal anecdotes and introspective sobriety. Recorded over a year ago, prior to the departure of guitarist Joel Phelps, the album presents a slight departure from their usual dark-pop noise banquets – sacrificing the chaotic feedback codas found on the previous LPs, *Libertine* (El Record) and *In The West* (C/Z), for the occasional guitar solo. Signed to Matador last May, the band shrugged off a tug-of-war battle between competing labels and landed at the forefront of a label that currently houses 25 different acts. Counting singles alone, *Firewater* dispels the myth that a band can get rich quick off of one song. After listening to it in its entirety once, I was hooked on almost all 16. -Jonah Brucker-Cohen

The Coctails

The Coctails

Carrot Top

Despite their untimely break up on New Year's day following a final show the night before in Chicago, The Coctails have left behind one more intoxicating performance on this last studio album. Flawlessly recorded by Shellac bassist, Bob Weston, the album caresses the aural textures of each instrument with stunning accuracy. Departing from the free speed-jazz aesthetics of *The Early Hi-Ball Years* and the jumpy pop licks found on *Peel*, The Coctails sounds as if the band took a week long holiday in a drug induced coma. Guitarist Archer Prewitt (listed in the credits as playing eight instruments) seems to have influenced the group towards a Mingus/Coltrane style of song progression –

reviews

comics

imported from his other project, The Sea and Cake. For the devout Cocktails fan, this album is a must – but for someone just getting introduced, the others win the prize. –*Jonah Brucker-Cohen*

The Stinkies/The Knuckledusters *Split 7"*

Trophy Records

Canada's stinkiest assholes will school yer asses with more raunch fuzz than your seven-year-old sister. The fucked up Memphis-styled "Trainwreck" has more gumption than three layers of factory tested German condoms, ribbed for mutual pleasure. "El Pollo Loco" is Chuck



Berry with that crooked grin plastered on his mug as he masturbates watching

middle-aged truck stop kings wipe their asses on his video security system. The Knuckledusters also keep it rock steady with two platters that are catchier than ebola. What more could you expect from two of this nation's finest purveyors of good shit. –*Goner*

Teen Angels

Daddy
Sub Pop

Ever wonder as to what became of the raunch queens in Dickless ("Saddle Tramp")? Two-thirds of that pivotal gal grunge group have resurfaced in the newly-inked Sub Pop act Teen Angels, with leftover blood, guts & irony in tow. Vocalist/guitarist Kelly Canary and drummer Lisa Smith (the core thrash & burn of Dickless) have hooked up with a Midwestern bassist named Jules for another round of caustic garage mayhem. Coughing up tunes like "Jesus Is On My Side," "Teen Dream" (taking a bite at Miss World Love?) and the choice ball-breaker "Jack Shit," Teen Angels bust out with some raunch-punk that decimates debts like L7 or Red Aunts – even old Napalm Death or Tad, in fact – with a sneer and one chord. –*Twister*

(various artists)

Macro Dub Infection
Virgin

Essentially a two-CD primer in rootsy digital/electronic dub, slick trip-hop remixes, and the newer post-rock textures (however white & over-educated they may be), *Macro Dub Infection* is one chilled-out, bass-thumpin' compilation that will end

bhangra

Various

The Bhangra Dimension

BMG

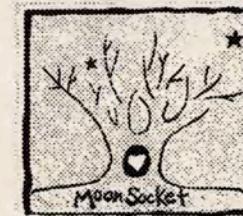
Every time the music industry tries to do a fusion experiment, they fail. *The Bhangra Dimension* is another one of those albums that tries to bridge a gap between two cultures and in this case it's bhangra and ragga. Although the title suggest a heavy emphasis on bhangra, careful dissection of the album reveals NO bhangra at all. Where is it? It's probably concealed under all the non-traditional beats that make up virtually the entire album. This album is not bhangra, not ragga, not the fusion it was intended to be, but something that probably has yet to be discovered. *Mandip Panes*

up sliding through your sound system on frequent rotation – hey, it happened to me. Primo material from Coil, The Rootsman, Laika, New Kingdom, Bandulu, Omni Trio, Tortoise, the Mad Professor, Tricky, Golden Palamino, Scorn and much more carries into the mystical rhythm territory first charted by Lee Scratch Perry or Adrian Sherwood's On-U Sound collective. Which ultimately means, with seven-plus minutes on nearly every track, just roll another... –*Twister*

Moon Socket

Self-titled
Derivative

This 20 song CD compiles a cassette and various odds and ends Chris Thompson (a.k.a. that Eric's Trip guy) has released over the past few years. These crude four-track recordings bring new meaning to the term "lo-fi" – I'm sure he could have made cleaner recordings with a ghetto blaster outside his bedroom door. If snaps, crackles and pops are your thing, then this collection of gritty, detuned acoustic guitars, garage sale percussion,



oddball nosies and even a Beatles snippet should tide you over

until Lou Barlow gets bored of his indie-rock, trip-hop games. Unapologetically modeled after Sentridoh and early Barlow escapades, Moon Socket whines and chokes his way through a whole pile of simple, sincere songs. Always droning and occasionally demented, his sparse music floats along in that repetitive, depressed-boy-with-a-guitar kind of way – picture Husker Du singles playing at 33 1/3. For good measure, lots of Eric's Trippers stop by to give things a hand. Recommended for fans of buzzy guitars and bared souls.

–*Harris Newman*

Spaceshits

Self-Titled 7"

Rat City

Montreal's Spaceshits first vinyl release sports four tracks, some of which defy definition. Their seven inch, released on Seattle's Rat City Label, opens with "I'm Dead," a ditty with somewhat of a New Bomb Turks sort of feel to it. "Gotta Get It Back" is a great song that rocks very much in the same vein as early Teen Generate. The rest aren't as easy to pinpoint, although the album does end on more of a classic garage note. Now that the Spaceshits have some material floating out there it'll be exciting to see where it takes them. –*Gary Worsley*

Chavez

Pentagram Ring EP
Matador

Perhaps as a means to breath new life into this band's debut from last year, or simply to keep Chavez on the tip of everyone's tongue, Matador released this five song EP, with Pentagram Ring pulled of their *Gone Glimmering* record. This New York quartet, comprised of former members of Bullet Lavolta, Skunk and Live Skull, are probably Matador's one true "hard-rock" offer to the masses. There's definitely something appealing about this band despite their straight rock conventional methods. No instrument seems to lead. Chavez prefer playing with dynam-

ics and layers, with vocalist Matt Sweeny running along with the music, rather than above it. *On You Faded*, a sense of urgency keeps the song in check, keeping it from tipping over into arena-rock motions. Guitarist Clay Tarver keeps the band's sonic plate full, with piercing high notes, evident all over a track like "Repeat The Ending," a stomper of a tune that builds into a boom-crash of guilty pleasure. Chavez fit nicely in a place you thought you outgrew, that of simple big guitar noise that raised hairs on your arms in your pimply teens. Let there be rock. –*Fred Quimby*

Scorn

Gyral
Earache/Scorn

Mick Harris sans Nicolas Bullen is back with his fifth full length release. Once again graced with Ruth Collins' magnificent cover art. *Gyral* is a totally stripped-down version of '95s *Elipsis* and '94s *Evanescent*, minus the zombified vocals. On first listen *Gyral* seems to come off as far more simplistic than previous efforts, although repeated listening gives you the impression that there's a lot more going on than previously suggested. *Gyral* is a pretty good record, but really doesn't compare with Scorn's last couple of records. –*Gary Worsley*

The Drags

Dragsploitation...Now!

Estrus

In the hot sleazy desert of New Mexico, you're likely to find a mirage of "pent up FURY...Unleashed!" It'll grab you by the throat and send a wild pack of teenagers after your little ass. It's got an instrumental number and some very serious punk rawk that'll probably leave you shivering on the floor for more. I can smell a bit of the Misfits but that just might be my brand new \$150 Jerry Only figurine (they



exist, I can prove it). This low-fi squalor should cause mass destruction wherever heard or sold. So run, run, run, take a Drag or two, leave no witnesses, and kill, kill, kill! –*Arish Ahnaf*

Venus Cures All

s-t
Aural-Borealis/Whiskey Sour

This CD debut is a wonderful introduction to these Toronto vets, loaded up with intelligent, power-packed songs only hinted at in their live shows. Enthralling, thickly layered arrangements and top notch production brings out the best of this tight and skilled quartet. This disc covers the whole gauntlet of cool – lots of throttle drums and dense, occasionally wah-drenched guitars in the spirit of San Diego and Neil Youngish noise rock, including a blatant reference in Neil's "Toque." Franchesca's "Sexual Whirlpool" twists and spins through a mad, post-hardcore frenzy, while "Shipwrecks and the Underwateroom" and "Heaven & Earth" sound like a dream date with Kim Deal and John Reis. The punchy, full sounding mix puts their previous releases to shame, and even the soundbits around the songs age well. This is the first Rock record I've heard in a long time that merits a capital "R." –*Harris Newman*

Satanic Surfers

Hero of Our Time

Burning Heart/Cargo

Satanic Surfers are part of a whole wack of bands on Sweden's Burning Heart records, which is kind of the European equivalent of Epitaph. If anything can be said about this pop/punk bandwagon it's that with so many bands trying to ride the Greenspring coattails some of them are actually writing some really good poptunes. I mean let's face it, bands like Satanic Surfers have about as much to do with punk as your mom and have more in common with Cheap Trick than The Damned. So get over it already, they'll never be as important as The Clash or Minor Threat, but while we're waiting for someone who is why not enjoy some mindless pap (pop) and have a good time. Is that so wrong? –*Coinner*

Eric's Trip

Purple Blue

Sub Pop/Warner

Eric's Trip third full length begins with a live track that explores the band's self-conscious mindset. As bassist Julie Dorion apologizes to the audience for their "sloppiness" on stage, Eric's Trip's efforts offstage more than make up for these supposed mishaps. Recorded by ex-Volcano Suns and present Shellac bassist Bob Weston, Purple Blue emphasizes the gentle tenacity of shifts between bonafied pop masterpieces and, quiet, texture-laden, mood-music. Judging from the loud, frantic atmosphere of their live shows, the LP's departure from their usual four-track, lo-finesse allows the group to exploit their heavier tendencies. Although the basement feel might have been lost with this approach, Eric's Trip have engendered another record that comforts the listener with personal expression and touching authenticity. –*Jonah Bruckner-Cohen*

NOFX

Heavy Petting Zoo

Epitaph/Cargo

On their sixth album the nutty boys of NOFX are trying to maintain (regain?) some of their punk credibility by snubbing the mainstream punk machine with various uncommercial marketing tactics. No majors, no videos, controversial album cover art (the cover of the vinyl version has to be seen to be believed) etc. Yeah great, but what about the music right? Well it's definitely NOFX, no surprises there. Pop-punk for the 90's with perhaps even more emphasis on the pop side of things. Pretty catchy, as always, although I think Fat Mike should stick with the snotty nasal side of his singing as his vocal limitations become painfully obvious on some tracks. Not their best but definitely worth picking up for fans. –*Coinner*

The Makers

Shout On 2 X 7"

Sympathy For The Record Industry

Well, well. Another fucking Sympathy release with way overdone packaging (what's going on?) Two sizzling singles in a ridiculous full colour, slick gatefold picture sleeve. That's nine (secretly ten) slabs o'snotty garage nuggets, my mop-topped little friends, all of which were recorded by a certain Tim Kerr. Listen to the Makers swagger through such hits as "I Know Everything" and "Flowers Grow Farther." There's even a fucking John Mayall cover(!?)

Silly Daddy/King Cat

Spit and a Half

Two of mini-comicdom's hottest superstars have joined supertwin forces and released a shining testament to the arts.

King Cat's John Porcellino has expanded his record label (*Spit and a Half*) and commenced the publishing of a split book starring himself and silly Dad Joe Chipetta. The result is a magnanimous dichotomy of Chipetta's freaked-out daughter, UFO's and futuristic sex fantasies versus John's; really cute semi-retarded mosquito hunting, punk rock and accidentally catching white trash fucking. A small town Jay Mascis on acid meets Rollins as a baby girl. What more could you possibly ask for?

–*Gavin McInnes*



I know, I know. These guys put out more than your mother on the first date. And, yeah, they seem to save their shoddy tracks for these fucking singles. That really isn't the case here. This rolls fine. But, "Whatever," you say. "They're finished." Well, don't come crying to me when they fucking knuckledust your head in and you finally discover their power. This shit might not be as potent as their first full length, Howl, but it kicks (with pointy boots) the knees out of those fucking surf/drag soundalikes out there. And the inevitable comparison to Leighton exists.

–*Mark "Fucking" Pee Pee*

Punchbuggy

Dressed for Success

Resin Scraper

Harmfull if Swallowed

Mag Wheel Records/ Cargo

Punchbuggy are a cute little love-core band from Ottawa who get paid shit



money to open for fat pant bands. Their latest seven inch was produced by irreverant beatnick Al Warnock and will surely get them laid.

Resin Scraper are a cool, hard-working punk band (also from Ottawa) and this seven inch has a wicked Gang Green cover that reminded me of a time when I was horny all day. It seems Ottawa's stifling boredom has forced people into their basements only to produce some of this nation's finest tunes.

–*Gavin McInnes*



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*We're so rich
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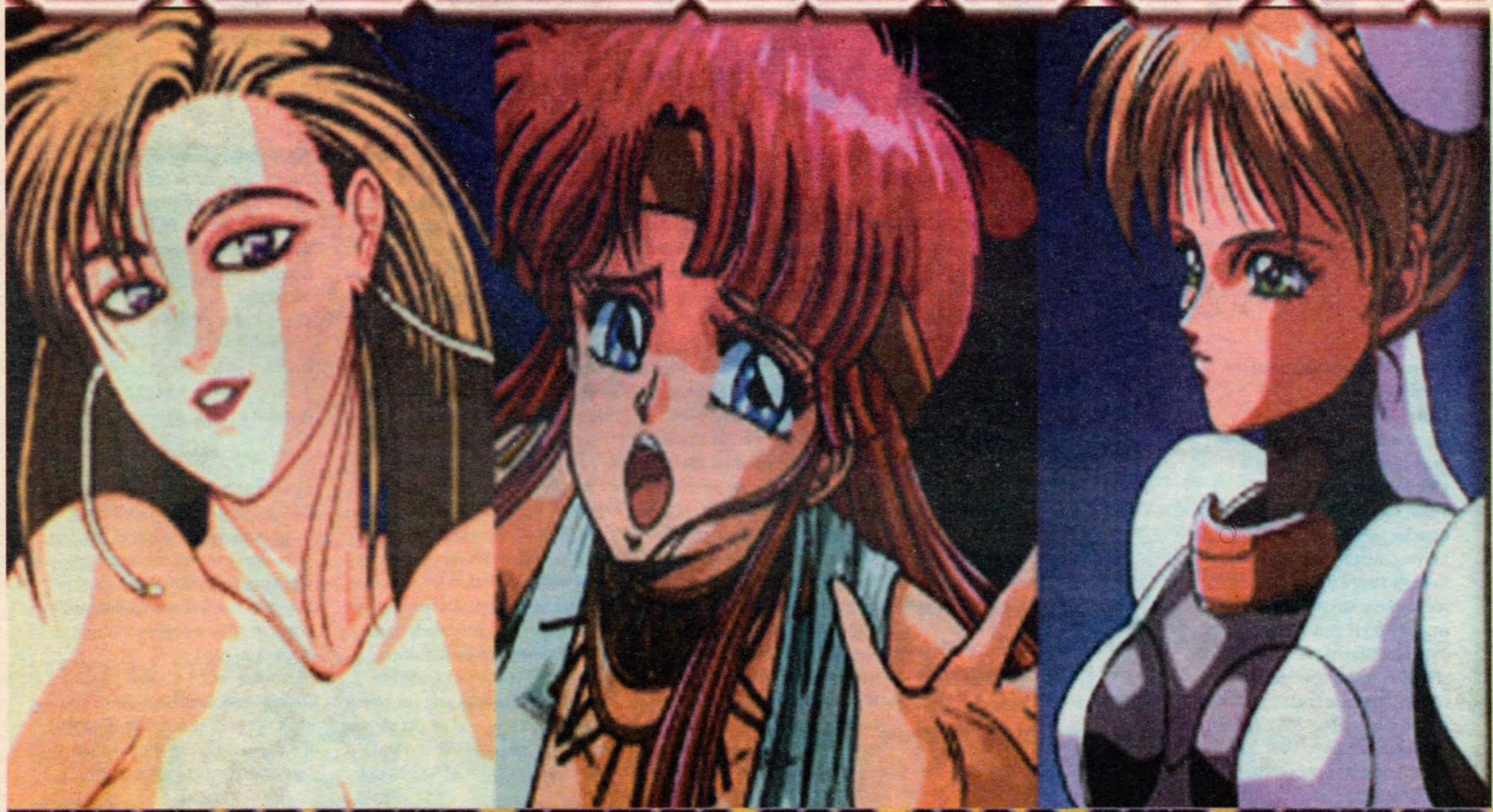
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The Bad Brains Are Dead

-interview by Gavin McInnes

Ex-Bad Brains
guitarist
Darryl Jenifer
talks to the
Voice about
The Sex
Pistols,
abortion and
his latest
project
Stealth.

Voice: What are you doing in Montreal?

Darryl Jenifer: I'm here in Montreal because I have a new project out called Stealth.

Like the bomber?

Yeah, sort of. More like the lethal undetected shit, but musical. After burying out the Bad Brains I thought I want to make some more music so, you know, one monkey don't stop the show. Paget (of Greenland Productions) is a good friend of mine and I understand he's creating this new record label called 2112 Records, so I thought I could launch my Stealth here as opposed to dealing with the rigours of the big time rock schlock shit. You know what I mean? I've had enough of that.

And who's going to be in the band?

Right now it's myself (I record and play the guitar), G-Pace on vocals (one of the rhymas from Roguish Armament), and my drummer's name is Chicken.

What kind of tunes are they going to be?

A combination of sorta like hardcore/hip hop/Bad Brains with a little dub. Still playing all the stuff that I like while not really locking down on one flavour.

I like hip hop music because it's a form that-

What kind of hip hop?

I like any hip hop that's telling the true story.

The Wu is coming from where I'm coming from as opposed to that L.A. type, player/gangster thing. I'm more into a project/urban building staircase thing.

So no one else from the Bad Brains is in the band?

No, not at the moment.

What was the break-up like? Was it on bad terms?

In a nut shell, HR (the singer) went a little crazy on us again and we had enough of that so we all went our own ways.

What happened with him in Montreal?

(HR showed up in Montreal during their Beastie Boys tour

wearing; a dress, a Sgt. Peppers jacket and a girlfriend permanently handcuffed to his wrist. He spontaneously burst into a rage and attacked Bad Brains manager, Anthony Countey. After the Montreal police got HR out of the tour bus bathroom he was arrested on possession of marijuana and sent back to the United States. Their tour was cancelled). I think HR, being an artist and a musician, got some tilted shit in his head as it is. He might be experimenting with a little something extra in his spliff and ... my man just couldn't handle it. It's called a nervous breakdown in short.

I heard that recently he went into some executive's office at Maverick Records with a paper bag and pulled out high heel shoes, a skirt, a halter top and started prancing around saying something like "Now, everybody's gonna know about the real HR" (the executive was actually relieved because he thought the bag had a gun).

You see HR's a very creative and imaginative human and he's bound to do anything. You never know what he's doing.

That was the cool thing about the Bad Brains, they were kind of dangerous.

Yeah, HR - you hear a lot of stories about him and a lot of them are true. He's a very intelligent, crazy motherfucker and that's all there is to it. (laughs). He knows that.

By no means do I think that he's stupid. He just gets a bit caught up- mistakes in life tend to get all wild with people see?

Tell me about the Sex Pistols asking you to open for them?

Recently I produced some tracks for this artist Ari Up (John Lydon's step daughter, formerly of The Slits) and she mentioned John and the rest of them were going on tour so I suggested we go out with Stealth and Ari could kick her shit you know, because she's a rhyma, and her Mother told John.

It's a weird concept The Pistols touring again.

I think it would be a good thing. They're not all that decrepit or anything. They get Glen Matlock on bass, he played on the record, and there you go.

I guess they couldn't get Sid Vicious to play.

Aah, he didn't play anyway he was just there for the show. Malcom McLaren (Pistols manager) just stuck him there for fashion and he'd just make a lot of noise on tour.

I heard Bad Brains used to be a reggae band and you got into punk because there was a lot more shows going on.

(Pause) That is completely ridiculous. The Bad Brains started out a punk rock band before we ever knew anything about reggae. We're from Washington D.C.. We're not from the Caribbean. All you would have to do is stop and think about that.

We started out launching bands like Minor Threat in D.C.. We were into PMA (positive mental attitude) you know, playing rock that had a message to it and what happened was, that message grew and revealed itself to us, because we were African Americans as Rastafarian, because Rastafarianism recognizes Christianity from a black perspective.

And do you still feel strongly about Jah Rastafari?

Well, of course that's one faith. It's just something that's apart from their personal lives and craft and

the shit that they do so, as far as my faith goes, I'll always be a spiritual person.

Many paths lead to one. To say Rastafari would be just recognizing my personal culture but you have to give thanks to the unseen and not necessarily just Allah, Buddah and Islah. It's all just spirituality.

My problem with organized religion is there's always that pro-life and anti-gay thing.

I think people got freaked out by Bad Brains anti-gay stuff like that "don't blow no bubbles" song because the DC scene is so positive everything including homosexuality.

Yeah but you see then people trip out on shit and they bug out.

There's nothing in that song that condemns homosexuality. The song is about Michael Jackson having sex with his monkey, bubbles. And then what happens is people draw their own conclusions about something and then they run with it. When we started out we were what could be described as young lions, Rastafarian rebels and we didn't particularly agree with homosexuality but when you're 21 you're just starting to form your opinions and become a man you know, you're just coming off some teenage shit and you think you've got it all figured out. If

What about abortion?

What do you think about abortion? Um, I think they should get rid of it 9 times out of 10 because, with my peers anyway, very few people could provide for it correctly.

There you go (laughs), you say "get rid of it". Those words don't even roll off your tongue because it just doesn't seem right.

But that's gotta be the choice of the woman because there's a whole historical context there. The socialization, the way we're brought up is what shapes these things and if you got to get into some medical sorcery because you weren't careful, that's your business but you should pray and not do it again because that shit is ill and you can't do it nonchalantly.

Religion is staunch. It's like "Thou shalt not kill." Boom, just like that. It's like in America when we say "we have the right to bear arms"



people want to know how the Bad Brains or how I feel about homosexuality all they have to do is ask and as far as that goes, live and let live right? I just think that men and women fit so beautifully together it just seems really obvious to me that like, the fuckin' dick goes in the pussy you know what I mean? (laughs) That's some natural shit right there.

there's this self-righteous tunnel vision in it all.

It sounds like you've gone from a self-righteous young lion to a conscious adult yourself.

That's the whole growth process. People talk about the roots well there's the roots.

Stealth's first release is called The Death of The Brains and will be available across Canada in April.

Recordings for Deviants

Space Age Pop Vol.1-3 BMG/RCA

by Johnson Cummins

Follow me fellow deviants on a journey through time to an era before cheese in a can and cellular phones, a time when tacos were still considered "exotic food." A time when Dad spent his leisure time constructing a bomb shelter in the backyard while Mom swapped potato salad recipes with the neighbors. A time when everybody had their eyes out for the communist scourge and planned communities were popping up everywhere. Follow me my beautiful deviants as we travel back to... THE SPACE AGE!!!!

BMG have hopped on the "lounge" train and are cashing in their back catalogue chips by releasing Space Age Pop in three compilation volumes:

Melodies and Mischief, Mallets in Wonderland, and my personal favorite The Stereo Action Dimension. The three volumes run the gamut from huge, lush orchestrations (Esquivel, Henry 'the king' Mancini) to music that sounds like a soundtrack to an instructional driving movie (The Three Suns).

The greatest thing, of course, about this release is that original vinyl copies of this stuff are almost impossible to find. If you ever do find that

garage sale you've been waiting for all of your life chances are the copies you pick up for a quarter will look like the previous owner washed his car with it.

I think we've all heard the usual arguments about the space age meeting the computer age. "It was meant to be listened to on vinyl" etc., etc. Statements like this are as laughable as Amish people in horsedrawn buggies. True the 'Cocktail nation' will probably go the way of funk/metal and lounge bars will go the way of the drive-in theatres once marketing people find some other fad to toy around with (My bets are on ska). But thanks to compilations such as Space Age Pop Vol. 1-3 the space age is definitely here right now and in these times of Collective Soul burning up the charts it's needed more than ever.



Revolutions per Minute

by Fred Quimby

Three sets of duos are currently making the rounds in the underground, with one set on the verge of a popularity explosion. That would be **Cibo Matto**, transplanted New Yorkers from Japan who go by the names of Miho and Ritzo, and are currently being hyped up the wazoo. If their debut seven inch is any indication, however, it's justified. On *Birthday Cake* (El Diablo), they take a street smart groove a la Beastie Boys, add a pinch of Luscious Jackson's laid back tempos, and stir it all into a bowl they can call their own. Food obsessions and cute Japanese accents may lump the lazy into making Shonen Knife comparisons, but Cibo Matto have come up with a much more interesting musical bump with a longer lasting shelf life than the Knife could ever hope for. The flip of this single contains a version of Soundgarden's "Black Hole Sun" that sounds like it was grinded through the Plastic Ono Band some 20 years ago. Smart sampling gives the duo a nice street sense as well, and something tells me we'll be hearing a lot more of Cibo Matto (means something like "crazy food" in Italian) in the coming year.

Off in the corners of Scotland, the duo **Flying Saucer Attack**, comprised of the prolific Dave Pierce and Rachel Brook, return with yet another set of recordings. Think about Syd Barrett era-Pink Floyd, and the best elements of what made the Jesus and Mary Chain's Psychocandy so compelling, and you've got the Flying Saucer Attack menu laid out for you. They tackle Wire's "Outdoor Miner" (Domino), wrapping it in fuzz and whispers, a FSA staple of sound. Their recording techniques are more about capturing moments and feeling than actual sound clarity. The B-side's "Psychic Driving" is an instrumental aural delight, a soundscape of distortion, bumps and space rock that makes you feel like you're lost in a maze of conveyer belts and "Brazil" influenced technology. If you've ever hummed along to the sound your refrigerator makes, then you get the idea. Don't bother trying to clean the dust off your needle for this one. It's suppose to sound that way.

Toronto's **Life Like Weeds** are probably the most traditional duo from this grab bag, but traditional can be a pretty loose term. Dueling guitars and acoustic set against electric is what comprises most of the band's sound, formerly members of Phleg Camp. While that band dealt in punchy rhythms and booming bottom end, Life Like Weeds is much more delicate in their approach. The result is actually quite haunting. *There Is Nothing More Worth Than Messing Around In Boats* (Karate) is a creepy piece of work with sparse percussion and a dramatic buildup. It almost comes off as a passage of something bigger in scope than a simple song. Eric Chenaux sings in a way that sounds like he's letting you in on a secret rather than just spewing words that occasionally rhyme. When "June Comes" is more straight forward in its structure and lines up a little too closely to early Palace Brothers material. It's hard to know on what level to take this, it's such a departure from Phleg Camp's musical resumé, granted they broke up over two years ago. Somehow Life Like Weeds appear earnest in their approach and renew my faith (if just a little) in the possibilities of Canadian underground.

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Another Wu-Banger

by Harris Newman

The GZA/Genius, co-founder and spiritual leader of one of the strongest and most influential organizations in music today, is the one who led the Wu-Tang Clan to the upper echelons of popular music. The Voice spoke to the GZA about the past, present, and future of the Wu-Tang.

The Clan has struck gold again and again with unmatched business acumen. In the past year, the Clan has barely given the public enough time to recover before dropping another bomb. A new Wu-Tang Clan album is expected by summertime, plus solo projects from the Ghost Faced Killer and the Killah Priest, and second generation Wu-types the Sunz of Man are all in the cards.

The Genius reflects upon the days, well over a decade ago, growing up in New York with cousins the Ol' Dirty Bastard and Prince Rakeem (the RZA), during hip-hop's embryonic stage: "I lived in just about every borough of New York City. Staten Island is just the

down many different ways. A lot of things, as far as titles and names,

are derived from Kung Fu movies,

we all know that. The term Shaolin

came from a Kung Fu flick,

Shaolin being the temple, the Wu-

Tang always coming into the

Shaolin temple, bringin' the

ruckus."

The supposed overnight sensation of the Wu-Tang Clan encountered many obstacles in the early '90s. The Genius' debut *Words from the Genius* produced by Easy Mo Bee on Cold Chillin' records flopped, as did the RZA's outing on Tommy Boy. Both labels turned down the Method Man flat. It was during these years that the Clan mined and refined what would become their inimitable signature sound: "It all started many, many years ago. The RZA's production all stems from him being a DJ and mixing, just like with a lot of producers. One thing led to another and by him becoming fascinated with equipment and mixing and DJing and scratching. Ol' Dirty also, he had turntables, I

their albums and on solo projects. Each solo album shares that dark, brooding Wu lurch, yet manages to highlight the strengths and persona of each rapper. "Customized - RZA is the tailor, so come to the tailor and get sized up. Everything is custom made."

A half-dozen Wu-Tang outings later, the Genius and crew can sit back comfortably, knowing they steer the ship instead of being taken for a ride. "What we've done in the last two years, that's the resume right there." Having crafted a very flexible and lucrative series of record contracts for themselves, with each Clan member taking their solo project to a different label, the Genius has developed a keen understanding of the music industry. The difference is that now the Clan doesn't have to ask for what they want so much as just take it, without forcing themselves into a corner.



photo: Genevieve Naper

land where it started from lyrically, you know what I'm sayin'? So it plays a major part in that sense. That's where we all started to rhyme, to lyrically become equipped and start writing, that was in Shaolin (Staten Island). Brooklyn, that's the land where I'm from, where I physically came into existence, where I was birthed at."

The Clan reigns from Shaolin. GZA insists it was a crucial factor in their creation and that the Wu-Tang Clan could not have been born anywhere else "It was predicted to happen the way it happened." Shaolin is only one of the metaphors encompassed by the Clan: "You can break things

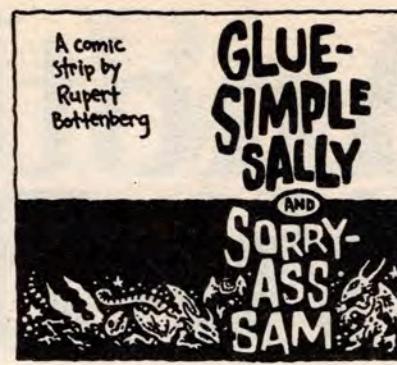
was just MCing. As the years went on and we started learning about more things, beatboxes back in '85, the 606 Roland, whatever, whatever...by the time I was on Cold Chillin' and RZA was coming through with Tommy Boy, he had already begun producing. But it wasn't really mapped out. He was developing something, but it wasn't all ready at that time. By the time the Wu came back through all over again, me and RZA, as far as hooking up with the clan and returning, he was set then for the producing."

If the Genius is the Clan's head, the RZA is its backbone, responsible for virtually all their beats on

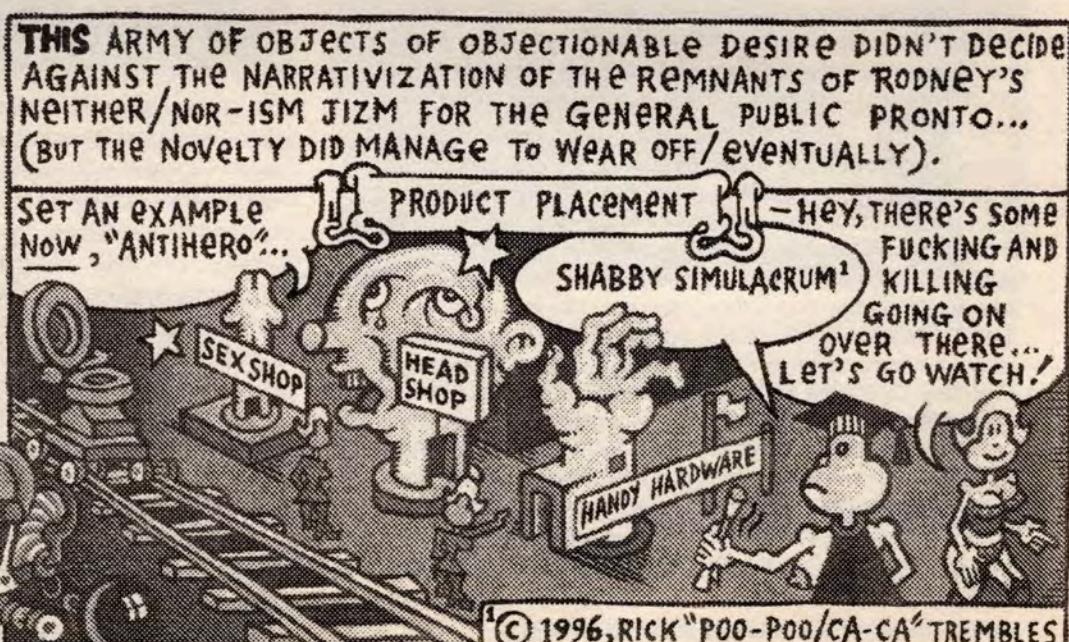
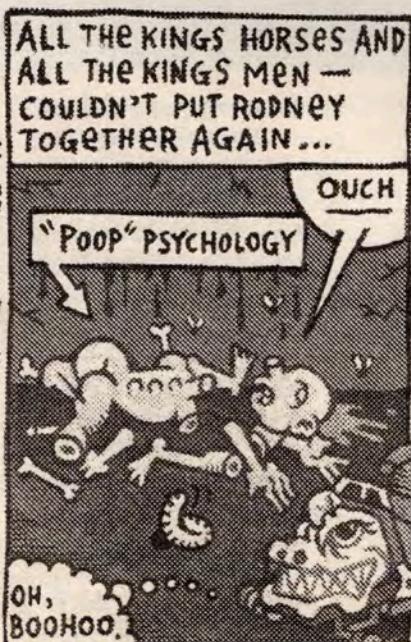
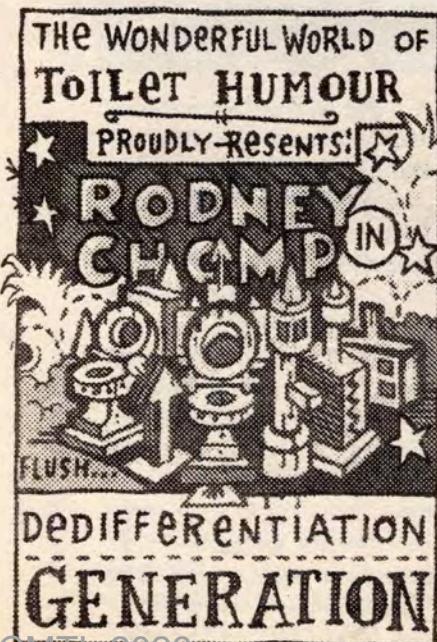
As the Wu-Tang empire grows and flourishes, the Genius is hesitant to speak of their hopes and plans. When he promises "Wu-Banger after Wu-Banger," he speaks as a giant with feet firmly on the ground and hands toward the sky: "I think everyone thinks about the future, and where they'll be five years from now. We can plan ahead, but we still must be prepared for other things to come. You might have someone out there that's trying to stop or stagnate that plan, you know. It's just about being aware, it's just about food, clothing and shelter right now. Making sure that's all right, what else is there to want?"



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Los Bros. Hernandez On Punk Rock

-interview by Paula Gonzalez

Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez do *Love & Rockets* (Fantagraphics' most popular comic after *Hate* and *Eightball*) which is now in its 14th and last year. Raised in Southern California on a strict diet of cartoons and Rock 'n Roll the young Latinos grew up into arrogant punks that revolutionized comics forever. "Punk made me cocky enough to believe that I could do a comic book ... I took that musical anarchy to comics," says Gilbert Hernandez who is presently making a *Love & Rockets* live-action film with his brother.

Womanahrunt's Paula Gonzalez interviewed the brothers to find out what kind of tunes they dig.

Voice: What kind of music are you listening to late?

Gilbert Hernandez: Well, right now I'm actually listening to some music from the Dominican Republic, yeah, some merengue. But I've also been listening to a lot

the bands, they're trying to impress the listener. Some of them are really talented but it's so distanced between them and the audience.

What about you Jaime (pronounced Himey)? What do you think about punk rock. Do you think it's changed much over the last 20 years?

Jaimie Hernandez: What do I think about punk rock? I don't really understand what these new punk bands are standing up against. Punk has become so commercial, and it's kind of weird. It's kind of funny to see punk bands on MTV, because I never thought that it would be that way when I first got into it.

So, what do you think is in store for the future?

Jaimie: I don't know, the older I get the more I see things just getting recycled.

Do you guys like hip hop?

Gilbert: Yeah, a little bit. But, just like with most music, I'll probably

town L.A.. It was a lot of fun. I had forgotten how fun it is to play so I hope I keep doing it. There's three of us now but I'm not sure if I'm really gonna stay with these guys, but I definitely want to keep playing.

What kind of stuff do you play?

Jaimie: Really simple songs, I guess you could say it's punk rock but who knows right?

What kind of bass do you have?

Jaimie: A Rickenbacker Hey! Me too! Gotta love those stereo pick-ups for that rock 'n roll sound!

What about you Gilbert, do you play an instrument?

Gilbert: Well yeah, I play guitar and I still play punk guitar. (laughs) I'm 38-years-old and whenever I pick up the guitar I'll start blasting out these chords and I'm like hey! It's been the same for 20 years! I don't know I just never really got the hang of playing lead guitar.

Why not? Don't you want to be Eddie Van Halen?

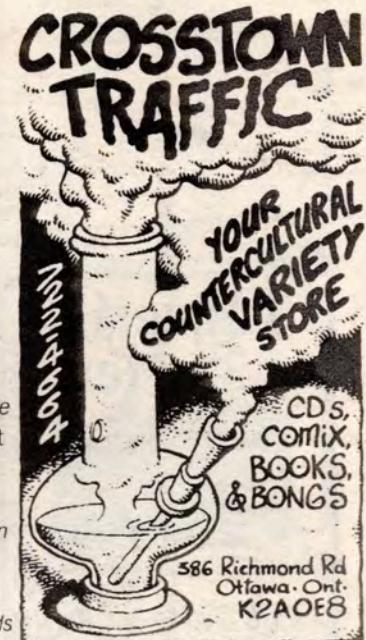
Gilbert: (laughs) I never had that desire but I realize when a guy picks up a guitar and starts playing he does it to get girls.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Gilbert: Yeah, no, I never had that

and Jaime to Coco Shinomiya, and both couples reside in Southern California. After *Love & Rockets* #50 comes out each brother will be doing their own comics separately to be released in the summer. It should be said that the horrible British band *Love & Rockets* stole the name without permission but Gilbert stole it back in a recent issue.

Womanahrunt's is an all-jamaican female (except Paula) hip hop reggae funk band from Toronto. Paula does tons of other things and sounds like a babe on the phone.



of compilation albums like *The Best of '95* or something like that, yeah, it has all these big shots like Johnny Ventura and stuff like that. I've also been listening, just out of curiosity, to a lot of the big loaded, classic rock bands out of the '70s because I used to listen to it as a kid. It's not all that great but what's interesting about it is I can't really imagine that kind of music ever returning ... famous last words.

Hah!

Gilbert: It could happen! It could happen! No, but I think they try to impress more than they communicate. That's what I noticed with all

only listen to like the cream of all the hits. I just don't follow everything cuz hey I'm 38-years-old! I'm not really sure what's going on right now but a few years ago, Cypress Hill, Public Enemy and all that stuff was great. But right now, I don't know, there's so much stuff coming out with all these punk bands it's just hard to keep up and figure out which ones you really like.

So how's the vibe around L.A. Jaime? Do you like living there?

Jaimie: Oh yeah, I like living in L.A.. I'm playing in a band called Unruly-P. We actually just played recently at a small club in down-

desire. I always used my art for that.

Hey! Well then what does that say about girls in bands? Do you really think they're doing it to try to get guys?

Jaimie: No, I think they do it just more to express themselves. You know, get their stuff out there. I don't know man. I've seen plenty of guys out there who do it just to get girls.

Gilbert: Yeah well, rock 'n roll means sex, you know, people like to deny it but that's what it is, sex.

Both Jaime and Gilbert are now married, Gilbert to Carol Kovinick



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Louis Farakhan: Black Salvation?

-by Alix Laurent
a note from
the publisher

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Last October, close to 500 000 black men from all over the United States came together in a gathering in Washington, D.C.. Their aim was to reflect on the problems facing African Americans and to reaffirm their dedication to eliminating those problems.

The last demonstration by such a racially segregated mass to be held in Washington was in 1925. Led by a certain Dr. Gulledge, 40 000 Ku Klux Klansmen demanded that "races and religions should remain as God intended, separate."

The mass that gathered in the capital city, on October 16, 1995, did not have any racist agenda. Unfortunately, the man who planned and organized it, Minister Louis Farakhan, is a well known racist. A month before the march, this charismatic and well spoken black leader was reported as saying that "Jews, Palestinians, Arabs, Koreans and Vietnamese, are all blood-suckers." When asked by Newsweek to explain his remark, Farakhan said all he did was point out the wrong and the evil.

For African-Americans to be led in a peaceful march by Louis Farakhan, they must think he is the only person really concerned about their exclusion in the USA. And indeed, they do. In a survey taken for Time and CNN in the days after the march, 59 percent of African-Americans said that Louis Farakhan is a good model for black youth. Fifty percent said Farakhan is a positive force in the black community.

You don't need a history degree to know about the racial problems in America, the issues are ever present and clear. As a youth, I visited New York City in 1979. Back then, my eyes were too young to understand the meaning of exclusion. Last April I drove to New Jersey for a business trip. Caught in the chaotic traffic of the big American cities, I drove at least 45 minutes out of my way. I drove through the Bronx, Manhattan, Brooklyn, and a couple of other scary places before I got to Newark, my final destination. Unfamiliar with crowded, ugly, dirty and yet amazing cities like New York, those 45 minutes were very disturbing. I discovered the third world in which African-Americans live. From Manhattan to Harlem, the only things my eyes saw was desperation and extreme poverty on every street corner. I could see and smell the state of unemployment, welfare, violence, drugs and the dependency of the brothers, which typifies the ghetto experience. Poverty at an "Un-North-American" level was everywhere and no one seemed to care.

On the doorsteps of still beautiful old Victorian houses abandoned by white, Jewish or Italian families, groups of African-Americans spent their useless

time watching the cars drive by. The streets were dirty as were the black kids playing stickball. From Brooklyn to the Bronx, black people's conditions seemed similar, if not worse than the conditions of the poor in developing countries like Bangladesh or Haiti, where I was born. Left out of America's social and economic life, they lacked a purpose or vocation.

How frustrating it must be to live in a country with so much wealth knowing you will never have even a fraction of it. I thought of Martin Luther King Jr. and his famous words: "We shall

black Americans who are living in a world of chaos and outrageous violence.

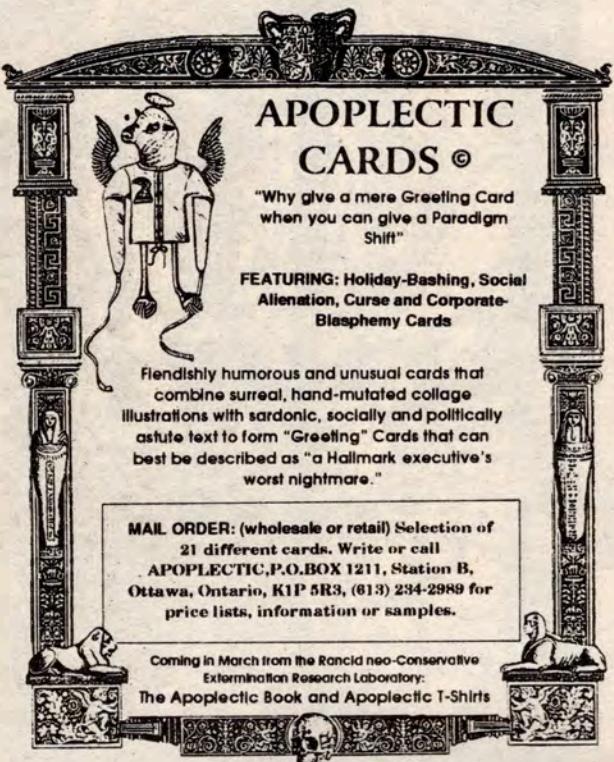
The numbers are terrifying. Although only 12 per cent of the population black men make up more than half of the USA's convicted murderers. Blacks under the age of 20 are ten times more likely to die violently than whites in the same age group. African-Americans' income still amounts to only 60 per cent of what whites make. One out of two black children live below the poverty line as compared to one out of seven white children. All this is considered normal in the USA.

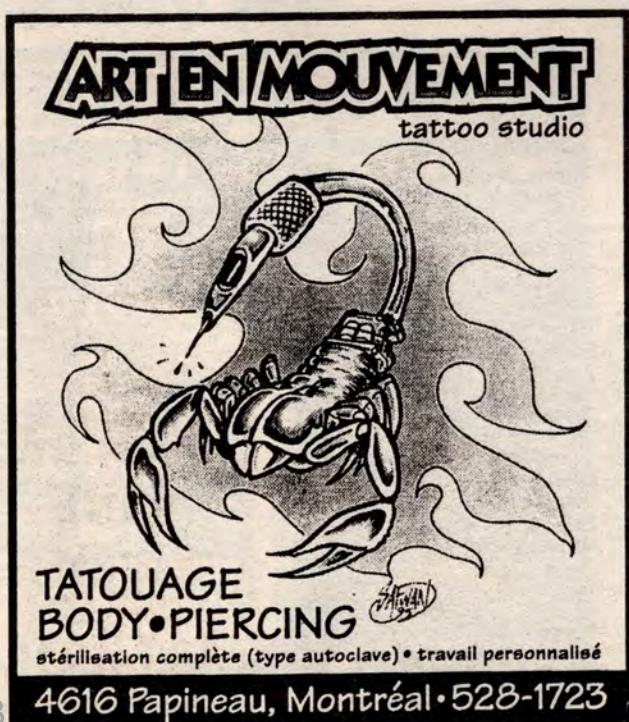
Someone should definitely be talking about the conditions of



overcome..." Then a painful and terrible truth struck me: black people are not considered people nor are they considered Americans in the United States. They are a problem; the BLACK problem. They have overcome nothing since the '60s. The civil rights movement did little for blacks in the USA, compared to what it did for other so-called minorities (women, gays, Jews, Asian immigrants, etc.).

Of course, on the one hand, the achievements of blacks in America during the last 20 years cannot be denied. A mere 12 per cent of the population, they dominate in virtually every arena of American popular culture: sports, music, dance, and entertainment in general. One third of African-Americans are part of a comfortable and educated middle class and partake in the American way of life. The problem is with the other two thirds, or more specifically, the bottom third of

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That's Blaxploitation!

-by Hamish X

With increasing frequency these days I find myself trapped between annoying and self-aggrandizing boomers (real old people) who, amid endless conversations of their impending early retirement and upcoming prostate surgery, feel it necessary to recapture the spent seeds of their wanton youth by proving to me that they can still recite, verbatim, the lyrics to Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues." I do my best to ignore such folk unless, of course, they can tell me how many S's are in *Sweet Sweetback's Badassss Song*. The difference here is anything but subtle. While the former are merely wanks recapturing bygone days that never really were, the latter are the folks who traded in the slogans and the marches of the '60s for the indulgences of the '70s.

For the uninitiated, the '70s were a treasure-trove of excess and eclecticism, mood rings and disco, loud and ugly polyester clothes and, yes, Blaxploitation. Before Eddie Murphy and the '80s, before *In Living Colour*, there was Melvin Van Peebles, Pam Grier, and films scored by Curtis Mayfield.

In his new book *That's Blaxploitation*, Darius James, a.k.a. Dr. Snakeskin, brings back the early '70s in style. As both a fan and participant James adopts the character of the "trickster," an Esu (a Yoruba mystical

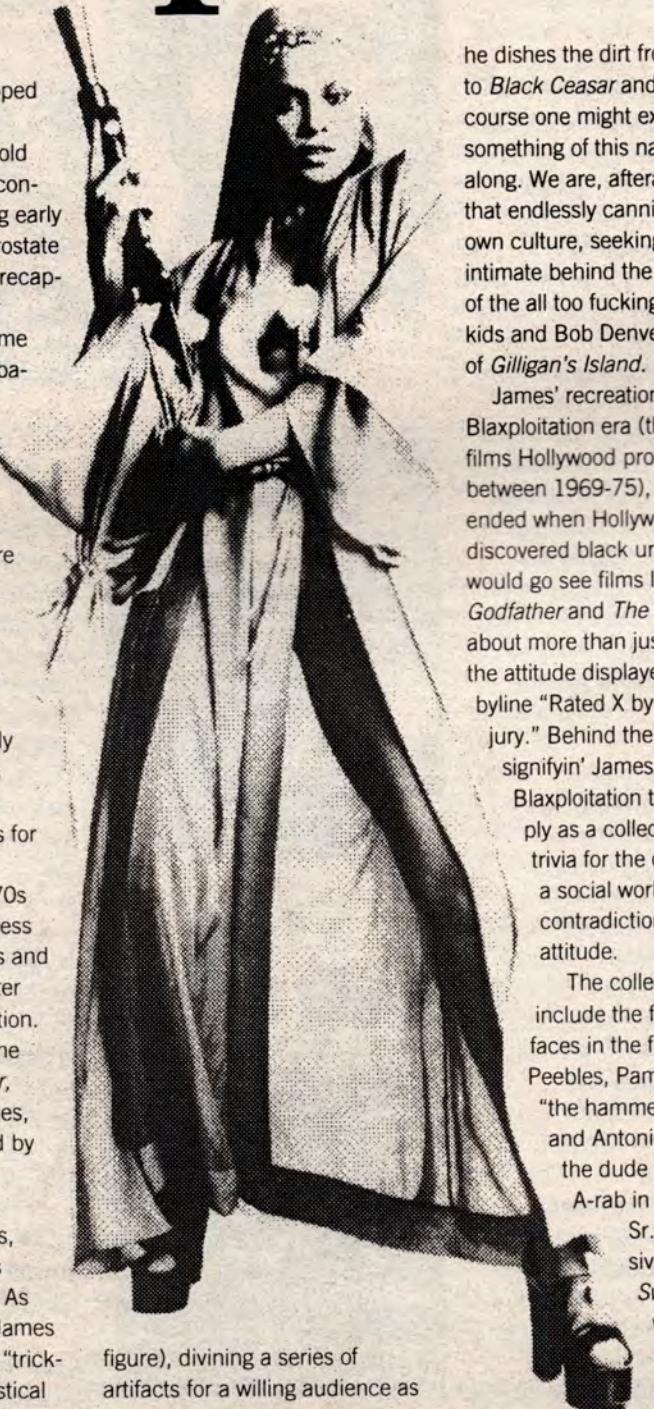


figure), divining a series of artifacts for a willing audience as

he dishes the dirt from *Sweetback to Black Caesar* and *The Mack*. Of course one might expect something of this nature to come along. We are, after all, a nation that endlessly cannibalizes our own culture, seeking to learn the intimate behind the scenes details of the all too fucking cute Brady kids and Bob Denver's philosophy of *Gilligan's Island*.

James' recreation of the Blaxploitation era (the 60 or so films Hollywood produced between 1969-75), a period which ended when Hollywood discovered black urban audiences would go see films like *The Godfather* and *The Exorcist*, is about more than just the films and the attitude displayed by the title byline "Rated X by all-whyte jury." Behind the hype and the signifyin' James brings Blaxploitation to life not simply as a collection of film trivia for the curious, but as a social world, fraught with contradiction, outrage, and attitude.

The collected interviews include the figures and faces in the films: Van Peebles, Pam Grier, Fred "the hammer" Williamson, and Antonio Fargas (yeah, the dude who played the A-rab in Robert Downey Sr.'s ultra-offensive *Pulp Fiction*, and then wound up as Huggy Bear on TV's most annoying cop

show *Starsky & Hutch*). But James refuses to simply be the consummate fan asking cloying, "how did you come about constructing your character in this film...." questions.

James' interest lies in the scene and his own recollection of it. His choices for the interviews and emphasis in the book – Grier over Tamara Dobson, high-five-ing indie *Superfly* while dissing Hollywood's mainstream *Shaft* – attests to this fact. In addition, James builds a fuller picture of the scene by including now deceased author Iceberg Slim, cartoonist Pedro Bell, and Last Poets' members Umar Bin Hassan and Abiodun Oyewole.

A defence of Ralph Bakshi's 1975 cult classic *Coonskin*, combined with a wonderful treatise on "The '70s, the golden age of pimp," convinced me that James is one hilarious baadassss mothefucker. True to its title *That's Blaxploitation* offers its readers the vicarious pleasure of an outrageous period in film history, with all the pimps, pushers and private dicks that ever said "kill whyte." Along with James I'm awaiting the uncut re-release of *The Zombies of Sugar Hill*. I already got my copy of the *Superfly* soundtrack.

Hamish X is a film professor at Concordia University in Montreal. Canadian contributors to *That's Blaxploitation* include Voice Magazine's very own Rick "Poo-poo/Ca-Ca" Trembles and Michael "Swill" Will.



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In Memorium

to the victims of police violence in Montreal



Anthony Griffin: 18-years-old, shot dead in the forehead after police chase November 11th, 1987 despite surrendering.



Marcellus Francois: 24 years old, shot dead on July 3rd, 1991. A case of mistaken identity despite the fact that the real assailant (Kirt Haywood) looked nothing like Francois.



Osmond Fletcher: 24 years old, shot dead on November 14th, 1991. Police claim he committed suicide despite alarming evidence to the contrary.

Trevor Kelly: 43 years old, shot dead on January 1st, 1993. Police claim he was attacking them with a knife despite eye-witness accounts claiming otherwise. Another young black male, Presley Leslie was shot dead in 1989 at The Thunderdome. The most recent victim of police violence was Martin Suazo on May 31st, 1995. Voice staff witnessed the execution of this young latino man who laid face down on St. Laurent St. with his hands behind his back. The cop shot Suazo at point blank range in the neck.

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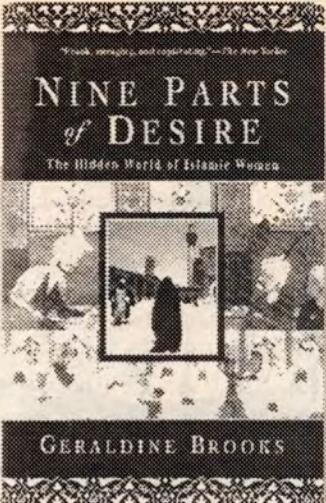
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Literary Review



Nine Parts of Desire: The Hidden World of Islamic Women
by Geraldine Brooks
Anchor Books

In early 1993, an Iranian woman wearing "the world's first track suit-hijab," carried a torch into a stadium in Tehran to open the inaugural Islamic Women's Games. Geraldine Brooks, an Australian journalist, was in the stadium audience. The events she

witnessed became part of her recent book, *Nine Parts of Desire: The Hidden World of Islamic Women*.

The book's title comes from a saying attributed to Ali ibn Abu Taleb, son-in-law of the Prophet Muhammed. According to Ali, founder of the Shi'ite sect, of the ten parts of sexual desire created by God, nine were given to women and only one to men. Brooks wrote *Nine Parts of Desire* after spending six years living in the Middle East. During that time she talked to women from every part of the Islamic world.

Being a Western feminist, Brooks puts her own spin on things Islamic. She simply cannot accept that someone can believe that a woman's primary roles are wife and mother. She also likes to point out that the treatment of women in contemporary Islamic societies doesn't jibe with her personal interpretation of the Koran. Once you get past her Western perspective though, this is a fascinating book.

Read it for the stories of individual women and their complex lives. Rosa Kiflemariam, an Eritrean guerrilla, spent eight years at the Ethiopian front. Marizyeh Dabbagh escaped from torture in the prisons of the shah's secret police to become one of four women elected to the post-revolutionary Parliament in Iran. Interestingly, Brooks even managed to talk to Queen Noor of Jordan, and to the Ayatollah Khomeini's widow.

To outsiders, veiled women in Islamic countries seem both silent and mysterious. Geraldine Brook's book goes a long way towards deconstructing the myths, and letting Islamic women speak for themselves. -Alison McTavish

Underground



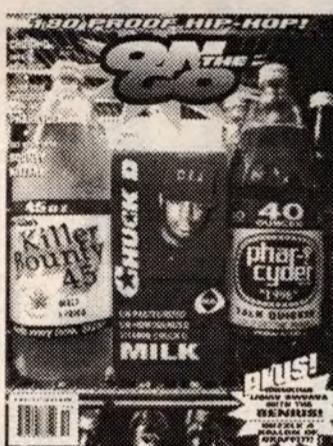
Britain's Underground
England's punk rock, computer journal *Underground* kicks ass. This *Voice*-like, revolutionary paper purports to: raise the quality of porn on the Internet, initiate a policy of transgenderism and "establish the true schizopolitics of the one party state." (whatever that means). Editors Steve Edgell, Graham Harwood and Mathew Fuller have now put together six issues of *Underground*, the most recent being *Cunt* (pictured here), while singlehandedly destroying homosexualists, cybertheorists and Christian Ravers. Finally, some competition. This is the shit. -Gavin McInnes

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On the Go

Ever since hip hop fully embraced aerosol culture about five years ago, graffiti zines like *On the Go* have been transformed from newsletters into slick four-colour magazines. Originally an anti-anti-graffiti newsletter in the late '80s, *On the Go* moved from Philadelphia to New York because they got in shit with the law. *On the Go* is one of the dopest magazines out there, with Chuck D. reviewing KRS-One's, *The Science of Rap*, tons of stupid fresh fashion, loads of hip hop, reggae, reviews, interviews, and pages upon pages of tags, throw-ups, and pieces in glossy colour. This rag is all about freedom of expression... the real shit.

-Suroosh Y. Alvi



Giant Robot



127 Macdougal St., #973, NY, NY, 10012
Subscriptions: four issues - \$16.00

Giant Robot

To start off this zine review by saying that it's for all y'all who never fully identified with either mainstream North American culture or traditional Asian culture would completely belittle its overall appeal. Eric Nakamura (shogun editor) pulls together the most perfect balance of Asian/American culture with a skewed perspective and a decidedly insolent sense of humour. A satisfying read - with comprehensive reviews of Asian soft drinks and candy, informative articles on Sumo, karate, film, music, food, travel - and all with allusions to such things as haw flakes, cracked seed and full homage to The Kitty (Hello, of course). The best thing that I've read in years (prompting me to read aloud portions of the text to my sister over the phone through gasps of laughter and pure ecstasy). The full-on real shit. -Jen DT

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Stalking the Gay Scene

-by Suzie Who

To be a man is difficult in today's society. To be a gay man is, undoubtedly, even more difficult. To be a woman pretending to be a gay man is art.

It's hard enough to remain unobtrusive while trying to drink manly drinks and not ruin your fake goatee without the added bonus of realizing that you have to change your tampon. Even if you'd had the foresight to stick one in the pocket of your pants, you might find there are no doors on the stalls in the men's room. Then what? Turn around and walk out? Pretend you were just looking for someone? Better stay put. You can worry about it later. Right now you have other things to worry about, like the big lumberjack-type guy smiling at you in a come hither fashion from across the bar. Shit! He thinks you're a little beatnick guy. Striking up a conversation is out of the question. As soon as you open your mouth the game would be up. Just stare at your shoes until he goes away. Gee, this is more trouble than I thought but it's the only way to get inside the strip clubs in the gay village (except on ladies nights, but then what's the point? everyone is on their best behaviour on ladies night). Women just ain't welcome in these parts.

This is an injustice! Girls are allowed to go to female strip clubs. They may need an escort but at least they have the option. No fair (let's have a protest rally, or we could just dress in drag). Drag is the simpler option since the clubs aren't likely to budge on their policy. The presence of women would make the clientele uncomfortable, says Roch, a tall thin brunette with legs the size of toothpicks who's been stripping for two years. A good portion of them are married with children and probably don't want to run into anyone they know (it's alright to bump into your brother but not your wife) Sounds reasonable. Okay, forget the rally.

Roch, incidentally, is straight, as are the majority of the dancers. He goes to school like a good boy and claims to have a fiancée who is Miss Kentucky*. He used to dance for women but says his fiancée is less jealous of him dancing for men. On ladies night, however, a married couple comes in to see him regularly and he takes turns dancing for one and



then the other. He also says the dancing in this particular club is very clean. Some people's definition of clean must be different than others because there's a dancer in the corner sitting on his customer's boner. Other people say clients can give head and take dancers home. Hey Roch, your nose is growing! (All this



deception. You just can't trust anyone anymore.)

A lot of these guys have worked at straight clubs and find the money is better in the village. Women just don't spend the same kind of cash and men don't expect you to be as hunky. It's much lower maintenance. No big, strapping, beefy boys with massive thighs around here. Just a bunch of skinny, little boys in white ankle socks. Almost every-

body's wearing those damn socks. Even the lads buggering each other in the porno movie on TV are wearin' 'em (tip to gay men who can't get laid: try white ankle socks). The fashion crimes are everywhere but who am I to judge? After all, I'm sitting there looking like a Kerouac-leninite who forgot his bongos.

On stage a Dennis Quaid look-alike, in acid wash jeans, is doing some sort of electric boogaloo. That's normal enough, but off to the side is a dancer yanking on his prick with a vacant look in his eyes. He's not one of those people we've all heard about with chronic wanking disease. He's preparing for his stage show. Once he's got a woody he slips an (ouch!) elastic band around it and Voila! Perma hard-on. Hmmm, resourceful, yes, but isn't that dangerous? If you do that every day you're bound to wind up with some scary penile problem (try to explain that one to your general practitioner). Obviously, a stiff penis is absolutely essential and well worth the risk. Now the guy on stage has his finger up his butthole. Maybe he's looking for something (My keys! Where are my keys?)

Nobody seems to notice Mr. Masturbator or Mr. Rectal Cavity Search. They're all either really accustomed to it or just too engrossed in their poker games. What the hell does it take to get a man's attention anyway?

The need to go to the bathroom is getting too pressing and the lumberjack looks like he really wants to talk. Time to get the hell out of here before winding up slow dancing to Freddy Mercury tunes (Amazing! I feel as if I've led him on). Besides, this beard is itchy as hell.

It's Tuesday and the village is quiet. Outside the subway station an overzealous homophobe yells "Fag!" from the window of a passing cab. The thought of having no one around to come to the rescue if he stops is paralyzing. Asshole. It's gotta suck to have to put up with that on a regular basis.

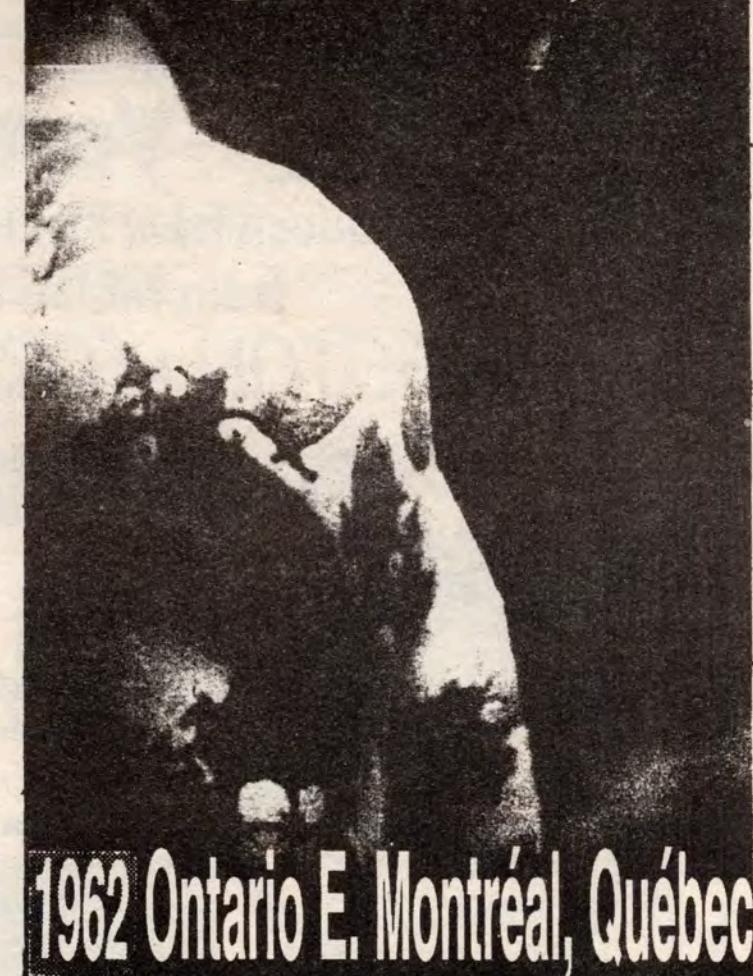
Hopefully our lumberjack friend will find himself a cute little beatnick boy and be picking out curtains by next Wednesday. Infiltrating his haunt now seems somehow unfair. If they want the chicks to stay out of their clubs then we should probably stay out, but if you feel the urge to check it out change your tampon before you go.

*name of southern state has been changed to protect my ass.



Important Notice: Renaldo, the handsome and spunky uncut Rottweiler Doberman cross (pictured at left) is looking for friends to run through fields and (hopefully) beaches with. Although he would not mind that these friends be of the human variety (who are inclined to be generous with treats), he is especially interested in meeting frolicksome bitches. His interests include playing tug of war, british bulldog, and fetch; snacking, digging, napping, and defending his territory. He is also an affection ho. You can contact him c/o this publication.

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Of Vice & Men: the Power of Pleasure

No regrets, no mental or physical scars except the ones my parents left me as childhood souvenirs and no shame; giving myself away was the best way I knew how to express myself. Longing for love and affection without getting

it, I decided to give to others what I lacked. Yes, for money but that was the excuse. My fees varied according to the type of customer and what they expected of me. In some cases I did it for free. I met wild and confused people: a married man who paid \$125 to have a

checkers partner; a body builder who wanted me to undress as slowly as possible while he talked about his obsessive love for his mother; a mute who only wanted oral sex; a business man who before having sex placed metal plates around my legs to remind

memoirs
of a male
prostitute

him of the time he raped a handicapped person. Strange, but it paid my university tuition and my bills as well. Dangerous, yes but much more stimulating than a dart tournament or reruns of The Partridge Family.

I learned about men by playing with them, they were my puppets of perversion. Men (gays or straights) are pawns of pleasure. Some fell in love with me but I did not believe them, and I still believe that no one can fall in love with me. My customers did not take away my innocence because I never had any. I humbly say it was a job I was good at and I enjoyed

every minute of it. Whether it was a married hockey player whose wife refused to give him a blow job or a surgeon who wanted to be fist fucked with a surgical glove, my bed was a stage and I played the part.

Of course, I did not find the man of my life among those individuals whose names I never even asked for. I quit the streets simply because it was too physically strenuous (not because of AIDS, I always took my precautions) and because I did not want to burn myself out for strangers. Also leading a double life (a respected university student and a male hooker) was getting on my nerves. Now I still enjoy a good sex game but with regular partners with ordinary needs. Most people might find my past shocking but on the bright side, I never had to search for a summer job.

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This past month witnessed a major event for horror fans with the release of James Whale's *The Old Dark House* (1932). A product of Kino Video, where historical value takes precedence over technical slickness, it's a transfer of a pretty scratchy old print but for something this long awaited, who the hell cares? This is the legendary lost installment of Whale's great gothic quartet, otherwise including *Frankenstein* (1931), *The Invisible Man* (1933) and *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), horror milestones and among the most sophisticated movies ever made. Not that any of them were considered so in their own time: right up to the 1960s consensual reassessment of the German Expressionists and the films of Val Lewton, almost all horror was dismissed as frivolous, sight unseen, by mainstream critics. While its sister films became television standards on the strength of their kiddie appeal, *The Old Dark House*, lacking a classic monster, vanished for several decades. Historians as diverse as Forrest Ackerman (Famous Monsters magazine) and Leslie Halliwell (various renowned film encyclopedias) kept its memory alive but it was assumed that prints of it no longer existed. It was finally unearthed in the '70s but without word of mouth to broaden its reputation, it's rarely been screened.



-by Michael Will

As the title suggests, this is a take on the "dark and stormy night" Victorian melodrama that as an entertainment had already been played strictly for laughs since the early silents (ie: numerous versions of *The Cat and the Canary*, each sillier than the last.) Style and wit, however, set this way apart from the rest of that moldy camp. From the cut-to-the-chase opening moments it's clear that the scenario is intelligence-



friendly, if gleefully absurd. A car-load of educated bums (ie: the unpoliticized slackers of the flapper era) barrel along through a natural disaster, chatting amiably as if their only real concern is finding the next speakeasy. After narrowly escaping a spectacular mudslide they take refuge at a crumbling eyesore of a country estate, where they're immediately put on edge by Morgan the butler (Boris Karloff). Mute, hideously scarred and obviously psychotic, Morgan fits right in with the rest of the demented Femm household. The only marginally sane member is brother Horace (Ernest Thesiger, caricaturing Whale himself, from all accounts), a queeny old pessimist given to anxiety attacks and dripping sarcasm: "You'll have to spend the night. The misfortune is yours, not ours." Not nearly as accomodating is sister Rebecca (Eva Moore), a religious hysterical with lesbian tendencies and imprecations for one and all. "Heathen!" she squawks at natural enemy Horace when, at the dinner table, he dares to carve the roast without saying grace. "I'd

forgotten my sister's strange tribal habits," he wearyingly informs the others. "The beef will be less tough when she's invoked a blessing upon it."

Upon the arrival of a pair of cheerful vulgarians (Charles Laughton and Gloria Stuart) a romantic subplot develops, but only as a breather while Morgan gets into the cooking sherry, and then brings things to a fever pitch by going on a rape-minded rampage. This would be the expected climax for the average film of this period, but Whale isn't through with us by a long shot. The surviving Femm family is larger than we've been led to believe, as we find out from 102-year-old Sir Rodney (played by Elspeth "John" Dudgeon in a wild bit of screen transvestism) who, cackling away on his deathbed, throws the already manic narrative into a state of red alert.

Based on J.B. Priestley's *Benighted*, *The Old Dark House* doesn't so much balance its laughs and screams as exquisitely blend them, to the point where its status, comedy or horror film, is

anyone's guess. Such an ingenious cross-hatch is truly rare (1989's *Parents* was a noble try), though films of both types have often made great use of each other's ingredients. For instance *The Haunting*, one of the scariest movies ever, is full of biting comedy but it would never be categorized with *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*, a forgotten Don Knotts farce that, believe it or not, has moments of sheer terror to rival anything of its era. Like a cinematic missing link, *The Old Dark House* is an ancestor to both. By the same token the best modern slapstick gore, works by Sam Raimi and Peter Jackson, would seem to be following suit by knocking down the barriers between horror and humour, but for all their cleverness they're never in the least bit frightening. As a trend this seems to be here for good, so one can only hope that the better talents will improve the genre by using this recovered masterpiece as a blueprint.

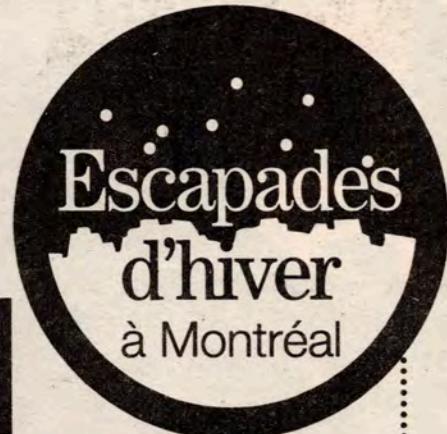
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